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MISCELLANEOUS 22

P O E M S,

B Y

SEVERAL HANDS.

Published by D. LEWIS. K

Sit pudor, et finis. —

Mart.



L O N D O N :

Printed by J. WATTS. M D C C X X X.

W. Mayne.





To the Right Honourable the
EARL of SHAFTESBURY.

My LORD,



Beg Leave to present You with
this Book of Poems, with-
out daring to importune
either your Approbation or
Defence of it; 'tis sufficient
that I have good Reason to
believe, You are prepar'd to receive it with Fa-
vour, and I must be content that it should
speak for it self to your Lordship, as well as to
the World. But be its Destiny what it will, I
have the Satisfaction to think I could not ad-
dress

DEDICATION.

dress it more properly than to the Young and Knowing; and, indeed, such Exercises as these of the Imagination and Fancy, naturally respect that Age, which is it self the most productive of them; nay, there seems to be something of Youth imply'd in the very Idea of Poetry, and possibly 'tis for that Reason, among others, that the Antients shew us their God of Verse in a perpetual Bloom. There is no one that has heard of your Lordship's Character, but knows with what Attention You apply your self to those glorious Studies, that form the Statesman and the Patriot, and are most conducive to make You fill your High Rank with Dignity and Worth: Yet shall it not, I hope, be thought absurd, that I should approach You with these light Amusements; since You have learn'd from your noble Father, who in his comprehensive and elegant Writings discovers the most universal Knowledge, to mix the politer Arts with the more rigid Sciences, and add every Grace and Ornament of Life, to its most essential and necessary Qualifications,

Among

D E D I C A T I O N.

Among the many excellent Young Persons of Birth and Distinction, that rise up the Hopes of the growing Age, and give Spirit and Alacrity to their Country, My Lord *Shaftebury* is allowed by All, to appear in the foremost Rank. To Them and You, My Lord, is reserved the future Guardianship of our Publick Welfare, and I shall think I do some Service even to the Government it self, if by an early Application to You in this Way, I bespeak your Patronage Hereafter to the truly learned and ingenious,

— *et votis jam nunc assuesce vocari.*

for surely the cherishing of Men of Parts and Abilities, is as requisite to the Glory and Felicity of a State, as almost any other Service that concerns its Interest. You have for this the Examples of a *Mæcenas* and of a *More*; and when were there Administrations, that delighted Mankind more than theirs? that did more Good, or gain'd more Honour?

Pardon me, My Lord, that I am thus fond to prognosticate your Greatness from my No-

DEDICATION.

tion of your Merit; your Merit, of which to say any thing more particularly, I apprehend would by no means be agreeable to You. And may your Lordship, amidst your highest Eminence, continue always too wise to be flatter'd, too upright to be blam'd, and too good to be envy'd; and in one Word, for I cannot wish You more, may your whole Life be answerable to its Beginning. This, I fear, will be thought very foreign to the Nature of the Book, which I here presume to dedicate to You; but I must intreat You to believe, it is no way inconsistent with the Respect and Veneration which I bear for your Lordship, and that Ambition which I have to be call'd,

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's

most Obedient and

most Humble Servant,

DAVID LEWIS.



THE
P R E F A C E.

I Will not take upon me to apologize for the many slight, or indifferent Pieces (if any such there can be in Poetry, without deserving a worse Appellation) which will be found in this Book; they are all together the best that I could be Master of, since my Undertaking to publish this Second Collection of Miscellaneous Poems; and though Many have thought me tedious in putting it out, especially of those who have been early Encouragers of it; Yet I hope they will not think themselves wholly without Amends; for, whatever Objections the Work may still be subject to, it certainly consists of Things better chosen and more finish'd, than it could have done, had it been sent abroad more hastily, and with less Deliberation.

P R E F A C E.

But while I doubt with Reason of the Success of my own Verses, as well as of some less accurate ones from the Pens of others; there will be trac'd up and down such Sketches at least of our greatest Hands throughout the following Sheets, as I trust shall still be thought a Recompence for the Labour of turning them over. And let me here pay my Thanks to those friendly and ingenious Gentlemen, who have favour'd me with their kind Assistance, and whom I must always remember with the Reverence and Affection of Ovid, for his beloved Companions at Rome;

—Consortes studii pia turba poetæ.

I have, according to my Engagement, printed nothing here but what I believ'd to be new, excepting about half a score Lines out of Seneca, which are inserted to accompany their Translation. Two little Pieces, one my own, and the other a particular Friend's, will be found by a few to have been given about in printed Copies; but as I knew the Progress of both, and that neither of them had gone beyond a small Number of our Acquaintance, I could have no Scruple to make use of them,

P R E F A C E.

them, as what had never before been made publick.

One Thing may be said perhaps in Excuse for troubling the World with this Miscellany, that the far greater Part of the Compositions had never been taken in Hand without it; and among Them 'tis hop'd there are some that have their Value. But what gives me my chiefest Complacency is, that I have every where endeavour'd to shun Prophaneness and Immodesty, those fruitful Topicks of easy, I wish I could not say fashionable, Wit; and been content to be dull rather than licentious.



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E R R A T A.

Page 3. Line 10. *for either read every.*

P. 60. L. 1. *dele too.*

P. 191. L. *ult.* *for Circle read Center.*



Miscellaneous Poems.

A N

ESSAY *on* TIME.

Though Time in Haste for ever glide along,
Nor heed my Subject, nor attend my Song,
Incessant still beneath my Searches float,
Waste in my Hands, and fade upon my Thought;
Yet would I, Muse, the wond'rous Theme essay,
And to the fleeting Phantom lend my Lay.

Through all the Revolutions, Pains, and Strife
That or befall or busy Human Life;

VOL. II.

B

Whether

Whether we chace our Joys, or tempt our Woes,
Pursue our Toil, or deviate to Repose,
To Manhood rise, or verge beyond our Prime,
One Tide transports us, and that Tide is Time.
Of this consist our Dates, in this commence,
'Tis what admits us here, what bears us hence,
Involves us in an unrelaxing Course;
And what's exempt from Time's Imperial Force?
Wide as th' Extent of Nature's fair Array,
Th' unweary'd Trav'ler spreads his airy Way;
By nought controul'd one rigid Motion keeps,
And Matter moulders where his Pinion sweeps.
For him fierce Lightnings cleave the sultry Air,
For him the total Band of Meteors war;
For him successive Seasons, as they stray,
Or scatter genial Life, or reap Decay.
And as in Forests we promiscuous see
The shooting Scyon and the shiver'd Tree,

Miscellaneous Poems.

3

Or midst a silent Show'r as rise and break
The Bubbles various on the level Lake,
So Births and Deaths, an intermingled Train,
For ever swell the Records of his Reign.
Amongst the Stars, or underneath the Sun,
Whate'er is suffer'd, and whate'er is done,
Events or Actions, all the vast Amount
But stretch his Scroll, and add to his Account.
Yet while his stern Vicissitudes advance
O'er either Orb, through all the vast Expanse;
While Scenes succeed to Scenes, and Forms to Forms,
And other Thunders roll, and other Storms,
Sedate He triumphs o'er the gen'ral Frame,
And, changing all Things, is himself the same.

Fain would the Learn'd th' Ideal Pow'r define,
And on the mighty Meas'rer cast their Line.
With emulous Ardor on the Task they wait,
Contrive their Cycles, and their Æra's state,

From these compute, by those the Tale devise,
And vaunt to match our Annals with the Skies :
Yet ever devious miss the promis'd End,
Tho' *Meto* plan, and tho' *Calippus* mend ;
Tho' antient Periods be reform'd by new,
And *Greg'ry* polish what *Hipparchus* drew.
Schemes rais'd on Schemes see endless Error start,
And regular Nature mocks the Boast of Art.

In what Regard the Works of Mortals stand
To this great Fabrick of th' Almighty's Hand,
Is his to view ; and sure to Him alone.
His World and all its Relatives are known ;
All Acts and Things distinct before him lie,
And Time itself retires not from his Eye.

But whence, O Muse, Celestial Voice! rehearse,
That speak'st the Theme, and aid'st the sacred Verse,
Whence this progressive Now, untaught to stay,
This glimm'ring Shadow of Eternal Day ?

When

Miscellaneous Poems.

When first th' Almighty from the Womb of Night
Bade Infant Nature hear, and spring to Light,
Her Place He sever'd from the boundless Waste,
And, from Eternity, her Time to last.
'Twas then it issu'd on the new-form'd Stage,
With Her coeval, and it self her Age,
Ordain'd o'er Ether, Air and Earth to range,
The Scope of every Life, and every Change.
Its Progress note th' illustrious Globes above,
Shine in its Shade, and in its Motion move,
With stated Pace around their Orbits play,
And waft th' impatient Moments on their Way,
While, to a new Eternity consign'd,
They haste from that before to that behind.

So where some Streight its oozy Channel draws,
From Main to Main th' impetuous Waters pass;
Yet rush but to return from whence they came,
The mighty Oceans diff'rent, and the same.

See Time, lanch'd forth, in solemn Pomp proceed,
And Man on Man advance, and Deed on Deed!
No Pause, no Rest in all the World appears,
Ev'n live-long Patriarchs waste their thousand Years.
If *Babel's* Tow'r no more with Heav'n contends,
In spiry Heights a *Niniveh* ascends.
See in their Sires each future Nation stray,
And or desert or meet the Morning Ray!
Or visit *Libya's* Sands or *Scythia's* Snows,
And Brethren scatter that must soon be Foes.
See other Kings hold other Crowds in Chains!
And *Nimrod* but the first of Monarchs reigns.
These Suns behold a *Cyrus* Lord of All.
These view young *Ammon* triumph o'er the Ball.
Now haughty *Rome* in Martial Rigor frowns,
And bears down pow'rful States, and treads on Crowns;
Bids mighty Cities in a Blaze expire,
Nor dreams of *Vandal* Rage and *Gothic* Fire.

Man-

Miscellaneous Poems.

7

Mankind and theirs possess one common Thrall;
And, like the Gods that sway them, Empires fall.

Some Periods, void of Science and of Fame,
Scarce e'er exist, or leave behind a Name;
Meer sluggish Rounds to let Succession climb,
Obscure, and idle Expletives of Time.

Others behold each nobler Genius thrive,
And in their gen'rous Labours long survive,
By Learning grac'd, extend a distant Light;
And circling Science has her Day and Night.

Rise, rise, ye dear Contemporaries, rise!
On whom devolve these Seasons, and these Skies!
Assert the Portion destin'd to your Share,

And make the Honour of the Times your Care:
Be each great End pursu'd, each Art sustain'd,
As when *Augustus* or *Eliza* reign'd;

When lofty *Varius* shone the *Roman* Boast,
Or *Bacon* furnish'd what must ne'er be lost.

Be by each future Age your Worth confest,

O bless the present, and by those be blest.

Still be your darling Study, Nature's Laws;

And to its Fountain trace up every Cause.

Explore, for such it is, this high Abode,

And tread the Paths which *Boyle* and *Newton* trod.

Lo, Earth smiles wide, and radiant Heav'n looks down,

All fair, all gay, and urgent to be known!

Attend, and here are sown Delights immense

For every Intellect, and every Sense.

With Adoration think, with Rapture gaze,

And hear all Nature chant her Maker's Praise.

With Reason stor'd, by Love of Knowledge fir'd,

By Dread awaken'd, and by Hope inspir'd,

Can We, the Product of another's Hand,

Nor whence, nor how, nor why we are demand?

And, not at all, or not aright employ'd,

Behold a Length of Years, and all a Void?

Happy,

Miscellaneous Poems.

9

Happy, thrice happy He! whose conscious Heart
Enquires his Purpose, and discerns his Part;
Who runs with Heed th' involuntary Race,
Nor lets his Hours reproach him as they pass;
Weighs how they steal away, how sure, how fast,
And as he weighs them apprehends the last.
Or vacant, or engag'd, our Minutes fly;
We may be negligent, but we must die.

And Thou supream of Beings and of Things!
Who breath'st all Life, and giv'st Duration Wings;
Intense O let me for thy Glory burn,
Nor fruitless view my Days and Nights return:
Give me with Wonder at thy Works to glow,
To grasp thy Vision, and thy Truths to know;
To reach at length thy everlasting Shore,
And live and sing when Time shall be no more.



To

To the Right Honourable the

E A R L of O X F O R D.

*On the Recovery of Lady Margaret Harley from
the Small Pox.*

I.

HAIL the Parents, trembling late,
Anxious rack'd with Love and Fear,

Left a Life should yield to Fate,

As their own to either dear!

Hail their Offspring born again!

Welcome Pleasure after Pain!

II.

Heav'n the Mother's Pray'r distress

Heard, and, Mercy prone to show,

Gave a Daughter to the Breast

Melting soft at other's Woe;

Never

Never leaving to Despair.

Orphan's Want or Widow's Pray'r.

III.

Let her, now to Health restor'd,

Lengthen'd Life aright employ;

Every coming Year afford

Fresh Foundation for your Joy:

Happy as her Parents prove,

Well and wisely live and love.

IV.

Let her Virtue, perfect grown,

Daily to your Mind recall

Kindness to your Father shown,

In his Age and in his Fall.

Long, with Int'rest, long may She

Pay your filial Piety,

V. Only

V. Never leaving to Despair.

Only let her, tho' inclin'd,

Tendrest Duty to display,

In her Father's Life-time find

No Misfortune to allay:

In that Instance let her be

Not so dutiful as He.

HORACE, ODE II. BOOK III.

Dulce & decorum, &c.

HOW blest is He who for his Country dies,
 Since Death pursues the Coward as he flies!
 The Youth in vain would fly from Fate's Attack
 With trembling Knees and Terror at his Back,
 Though Fear should lend him Pinions like the Wind,
 Yet, swifter Fate will reach him from behind.

Virtue

Virtue repulst yet knows not to repine,
But shall with unattainted Honour shine,
Nor stoops to take the Staff, nor lays it down,
Just as the Rabble please to smile or frown.

Virtue, to crown her Fav'rites, loves to try
Some new unbeaten Passage to the Sky,
Where *Jove* a Seat among the Gods will give
To those who dye for meriting to live.

Next faithful Silence hath a sure Reward,
Within thy Breast be every Secret barr'd:
He who betrays his Friend shall never be
Under one Roof, or in one Ship with me:
For, who with Traytors would his Safety trust,
Left with the Wicked, Heav'n involve the Just?
And though the Villain scape a-while, he feels
Sure Vengeance like a Blood-hound at his Heels.

To Dr. S W I F T.

D ID not bold Wits from antient Maxims swerve,
 Would They your Practice or your Rules ob-
 Poets, whose Works now load the groaning Shelves, ^{[serve,}
 Would lose their Bulk, and dwindle into Twelves;
 The swelling Volumes would contract their Size,
 Sink in their Price, but in their Value rise.
 You dress the Muse, and make her straitly lace,
 With artful Charms improve her native Grace,
 Nor will excuse the Dame's imprudent Haste,
 If Patches are wrong set, or Pins misplac'd.
 While weaker Judgments foolishly admire
 Her flowing Tresses, and her loose Attire.

'Tis thought a happy Turn may claim Regard,
 Tho' a forc'd Rhime slips from the careless Bard,
 But inharmonious Sounds Distaste will give,
 And courteous Readers for the Author grieve.

When

When S's oft their hissing Sounds repeat,
And jarring RR's in rude Rencounter meet,
You bid him polish o'er the Lines again,
Smooth the harsh Cadence, and reform the Strain.
No artless Rhapsodies the Test will bear
But what will touch the Soul and please the Ear,
For Words that nothing mean may aptly chime,
But Dulness will be seen, tho' hid in Rhime.

Nay, tho' each Verse be full of quaintest Thought,
And every flowing Line be smoothly wrought,
They form no Poem, if the Couplets joyn
When nought requires, and meet without Design;
If there's no Structure rais'd, no Scheme pursu'd,
The whole is blam'd, tho' ev'ry Verse be good.

When Triplets like the Graces joyn their Hands,
You only dare t'unloose th' unlawful Bands.
When heavy *Alexandrines* creep along,
To close the Sense, and end the burthen'd Song,

Like

Like the tenth deadly Wave they swelling rise,
And slowly after move with disproportion'd Size,
Unthinking Youths the winding Monsters love;
You blame the Practice, and the Muse reprove.

Witlings and Fops, who Sense or Reading want,
Forget to spell, and talk a Gypsy Cant,
In Phrase uncouth and Terms before unknown,
For *English*, speak a Jargon of their own,
Debase the Sterling Coin with vile Alloy,
And what they would improve, at length destroy.

So lazy *Palatines* were waisted o'er
T' enrich us with a new Supply of Poor;
And, they who came to stock th' unpeopled Land,
(God knows at whose Request or whose Command)
Around the Isle unknown Infections spread,
And thus increase the Numbers of the Dead.



S O N G.

I.

YOU tell me 'tis dissembled Love,
Whene'er I speak my Pain ;
My Pray'rs have lost the Pow'r to move,
And all my Vows are vain.

II.

But why betrays my Soul Surprise,
As those bright Charms appear ?
Why dwell on You alone my Eyes
Amidst a thousand Fair ?

III.

Mark how I roam from Place to Place,
Yet anxious find no Rest ;
Think, whence the Paleness in my Face,
And Panting of my Breast.

IV.

Yes, yes, dear Girl! no Credit pay
To ought that may deceive;
Grant still no Faith to what I Say,
But what You See believe.

E P I T A P H *on an Infant.*

Beneath a sleeping Infant lies,
To Earth whose Ashes lent
More glorious shall hereafter rise,
Tho' not more Innocent.

When the Arch-Angel's Trump shall blow,
And Souls and Bodies joyn,
What Crowds will wish, their Lives below
Had been as short as thine!

The Golden Verses of PYTHAGORAS.

Translated from the Greek.

First the great Gods thy utmost Rev'rence claim :
Use with religious Awe their sacred Name.
Assur'd they view thy Ways, let nought controul
The Oath thou once hast bound upon thy Soul.
Next, to the Heroes bear a grateful Mind
Whose glorious Cares and Toils have blest Mankind.
Let just Respect and decent Rites be paid
To the immortal *Manes* of the Dead.
Honour thy Parents, and thy next of Kind ;
And virtuous Men wherever thou canst find,
In the same Bond of Love let them be joyn'd.

Useful and steady let thy Life proceed,
Mild every Word, good-natur'd every Deed.
O never with the Man thou lov'st contend!
But bear a thousand Failings from thy Friend.

Rashly inflam'd vain Spleen and slight Surmize
To real Feuds and endless Discords rise.

O'er Lust, o'er Anger keep the strictest Rein,
Subdue thy Sloth, thy Appetite restrain.
With no vile Action venture to comply;
No, though unseen by every mortal Eye.
Above all Witnesses thy Conscience fear,
And more than all Mankind thy self revere.

One way let all thy Words and Actions tend,
Reason their constant Guide, and Truth their End;
And ever mindful of thy mortal State,
How quick, how various are the Turns of Fate;
How here, how there the Tides of Fortune roll;
How soon impending Death concludes the whole;
Compose thy Mind : And, free from anxious Strife,
Endure thy Portion of the Ills of Life.
Though still the good Man stands secure from Harms,
Nor can Misfortune wound whom Virtue arms.

Discourse

Discourse in common Converse thou wilt find
Some to improve, and some to taint the Mind,
Grateful to That a due Observance pay,
Beware lest This entice thy Thoughts astray :
And bold Untruths, which thou art forc'd to hear,
Receive discreetly with a patient Ear.

Wouldst thou be justly rank'd among the Wise?
Think, ere thou dost; ere thou resolv'st, advise.
Still let thy Aims with thy Experience square,
And plan thy Conduct with sagacious Care.
So shalt thou all thy Course with Pleasure run,
Nor wish an Action of thy Life undone.

Among the various Ends of thy Desires,
'Tis no inferior Place thy Health requires.
Firmly for this from all Excess refrain,
Thy Cups be mod'rate, and thy Diet plain.
Nor yet unelegant thy Board supply,
But scorn the nauseous Pomp of Luxury.

Let Spleen by chearful Converse be withstood,
And honest Labour purify the Blood.

Each Night, ere needful Slumber seals thy Eyes,
Home to thy Soul let these Reflections rise.
How has To-day my Duty seen exprest?
What have I done, omitted, or transgressed?
Then grieve the Moments thou hast idly spent.
The rest will yield thee Comfort and Content.

Be these good Rules thy Study and Delight;
Practise by Day, and ponder them by Night.
Thus all thy Thoughts to Virtue's height shall rise,
And Truth shall stand unveil'd before thy Eyes.
Of Beings the whole System thou shalt see,
Rang'd as they are in beauteous Harmony,
Whilst all depend from one superior Cause
And Nature works obedient to her Laws.
Hence as thou labour'st with judicious Care
To run the Course allotted to thy Share,

Wisdom

Wisdom refulgent with a heavenly Ray
Shall clear thy Prospect, and direct thy Way.

Then all around compassionately view
The wretched Ends which vain Mankind pursue.
Toft to and fro by each impetuous Gust,
The Rage of Passion, or the Fire of Lust,
No certain Stay no safe Retreat they know,
But blindly wander through a Maze of Woe.
Mean while congenial Vileness works within
And Custom quite subdues the Soul to sin.
Save us from this Distress, almighty *Jove* !
Our Minds illumine, or our Ills remove.

But O ! secure from all Thy Life is led,
Whose Feet the happy Paths of Virtue tread,
Thou stand'st united to the Race Divine,
And the Perfection of the Gods is thine.
Imperial Reason, free from all Controul,
Maintains her just Dominion in thy Soul :

'Till purg'd at length from every sinful Stain,
 When friendly Death shall break the cumbrous Chain,
 Loos'd from the Body thou shalt take thy Flight,
 And range immortal in the Fields of Light.

Written in a young Lady's Bible.

WHILST here you read, what Saints have ^{[wrote,}
 And Heav'nly Inspiration taught;
 Know, bright *Eudocia*, many a Maid
 These Doctrines learn'd, these Truths obey'd,
 And, arm'd with Prayers such as these,
 'Midst burning Tortures dy'd in Peace.
 Nor wonder, They to Death were True,
 They read, and pray'd, and liv'd like you;
 Like Yours the Faith, that bade them Die,
 And such as Yours their Constancy.

To

To a L A D Y.

*In Imitation of the 30th Epigram of the 5th Book
of Martial.*

Si quando Leporem, &c.

WHEN a Pot of Cold-Cream to Miss *Betty*
[you send,
 You with Words to this purpose your Pre-
[sent commend;
 Whoe'er with this Cream shall her Countenance
[smear,
 All Redness and Roughness will strait disappear,
 And the Skin to a Wonder be charmingly clear;
 If Pimples arise, this will take them away;
 If the Small-pox should mark you, those Marks will
[decay;
 If wrinkled through Age, or bad Dawbing the Face is,
 'Twill be smooth in a Trice, as the best *Venice* Glass is:
 All this, and much more (could I spare time to write it,
 Or my Pen go as fast, as your Lips would indite it)
 You affirm of your Cream; And I would not abuse it;
 But pray tell me one Thing — Do You yourself use it?

ANUS

ANUS SÆCULARIS, quæ justam Centum
Annorum Ætatem, ipso die natali, explevit
& clausit; Anno 1728.

*S*ingularis Prodigium ô senectæ,
Et novum exemplum diuturnitatis!
Cujus annorum series in amplum
Desinit orbem!

Vulgus infelix hominum, dies, en!
Computo quam dispare computamus!
Quam Tuâ à summâ procul est remota
Summula nostra!

Pabulum nos luxuriesque lethi,
Nos, simul nati, incipimus perire;
Nos statim à cunis cita destinamur
Præda sepulchro.

Occulit

*On an Old Woman, who, having liv'd to the
Age of a Hundred Years compleat, dy'd on her
Birth-Day, in 1728.*

O Instance of Duration rare,
Whose Age was truly circular!

Whose Birth and Death, in one Day joyn'd,
A wond'rous Century defin'd!

How small a Part to most is known
Of that great Round, which thou hast gone!
The Days We pass upon this Stage
Are but the Segment of an Age.

For Us, the vulgar Slaves of Fate,
A few sad Moments are our Date;
Life scarce begun, we feel Decay,
And Death betimes bespeaks her Prey.

*Occulit mors insidias, ubi vix
Vix opinari est, rapidæve febris
Vim repentinam, aut mala pertinacis
Semina morbi.*

*Sin brevem posset superare Vita
Terminum, quicquid superest, vacuum
Illud ignavis superest & imbe-
cillibus annis.*

*Detrahunt multum minuuntque sorti
Morbidi questus gemitusque anbeli ;
Ad parem crescunt numerum diesque
Atque dolores*

*Siquis hæc vitet (quotus ille quisque est!)
Et gradu pergendo laboriosa
Ad Tuum, fortasse Tuum, moretur
Reptilis ævum;*

Or in the Blood, or solid Bone,
Secret her subtle Seeds are sown;
That, spreading slow, their Bane disguise,
Or quick to raging Fevers rise.

But grant our Life exceeds the Span,
The common Boundary of Man;
'Tis then decrepid, tasteless, vain,
'Tis Weight, and Weariness, and Pain.

The Respite tedious we bemoan
With fretful Plaint, and deep-fetch'd Groan;
Alike our Years and Sorrows grow,
We count each Minute by its Woe.

And tho' by chance some few like Thee,
From Sickness and from Aches free,
With weary Step, and slow Decay,
Should linger on to thy long Day:

*At videt, mæstum Tibi sæpe visum, in-
jurias, vim, furta, dolos, & inso-
lentiam, quo semper eunt, eodem*

Ire tenore.

*Nil inest rebus novitatis; id quod
Sæculum præsens videt, illud ipsum
Vidit elapsum prius, & videbit*

Omne futurum.

*Temporum quicquid variatur, & quod
Uspiam est nugarum & ineptiarum,
Unius volvi videt & revolvi*

Circulus ævi.

*Integram Ætatem Tibi gratulamur;
Et dari nobis satis æstimamus,
Si Tuam, saltem vacuam querelis,*

Dimidiemus.

Yet must they, all that irksome While,
Behold Oppression, Rapine, Guile;
One Course of Vice for ever kept,
And weep the Times, as Thou hast wept.

What's past, revolves again to View,
In Things below there's nothing New :
The same our Fathers saw, see We;
And That, Posterity must see.

There's nought or Time or Space can bound,
But in one Period may be found:
As roll the Seasons with the Skies,
So human Follies set and rise.

Permit us, Good Old Dame, to greet
The Circle of thy Life compleat;
Glad, if, at least exempt from Tears,
We gain but half thy Hundred Years.

An EPITAPH on the Honourable Simon Harcourt, Son of the Lord Chancellor Harcourt.

TO this sad Shrine, whoe'er thou art, draw near,
 Here lies the Friend most wept, the Son most
 Who' ne'er knew Joy, but Friendship might divide; ^{[dear,}
 Nor gave his Father Grief, but when he dy'd.
 How vain is Reason, Eloquence how weak,
 When *Pope* must tell what *Harcourt* cannot speak!
 Yet let thy once-lov'd Friend inscribe thy Stone,
 And with a Father's Sorrow mix his own.

E P I G R A M.

WHEN other Ladies to the Shades go down,
 Still *Flavia*, *Chloris*, *Celia* stay in Town;
 Those Ghosts of Beauty ling'ring there abide,
 And haunt the Places where their Honour dy'd.

To a Lady very fearful of Thunder.

SAY, whence this sudden Chill, my Fair,
When Thunder rattles through the Air?

Why quits your Blood each distant Part,

And hastes to guard the lab'ring Heart?

Why all this Shiv'ring, Panting, Crying,

This Something little less than Dying?

If Wretches, stain'd with deadly Sin,

Quake at the Worm, that gnaws within;

If Savage Tyrants trembling fly,

And think the Fate, they merit, nigh;

If treach'rous Statesmen, that have sold

Their Country and their God for Gold,

Are by this Solemn Sound dismay'd,

And dread His Wrath, they've disobey'd;

Yet why does my *Elisa* fear,

What only should the Wicked scare?

The Flash, that strikes the Villain dead,
 Is taught to spare the Guiltless Head;
 Or should by This the Virtuous die,
 'Twere but on Lightning's Wings to fly,
 And gain with greater Speed their Sky.

E P I G R A M.

From the Greek.

THESE Cups by *Piso* to his Friends were giv'n,
 Whose Round presents the concave Vault of
 [Heav'n;
 On this half Globe the Northern Stars appear,
 Engrav'd on that the Southern Hemisphere.
 Drink deep ; all Heav'n you'll at the Bottom see :
 Who would not wish to learn Astronomy ?



ANOTHER.

A N O T H E R.

NO Colours laid by Pencil on
 Can match her Eye, her Skin, her Hair,
 Who paints the Splendor of the Sun
 May paint the Splendor of the Fair.

On X E R X E S.

HIS March, whom o'er main Land his Navy
 Who walks o'er Ocean, changing Nature's ^{[bears,}
 The *Mars* of *Sparta* with three hundred Spears ^{[Ways,}
 Obstructs; blush, blush, ye Mountains and ye Seas.

On PHILIP the Father of ALEXANDER.

HERE rest I *Philip* on th' *Ægean* Shore,
 Who first to Battle led *Emathia's* Pow'r,
 And dar'd, what never Monarch dar'd before.
 If there be Man, who boasts he more has done,
 To Me he owes it, for He was my Son.

On the Statue of ALEXANDER.

L *Ysippus'* Art can Brads with Life inspire,
 Show *Alexander's* Features and his Fire ;
 The Statue seems to say, with up-cast Eye,
 Beneath My Rule the Globe of Earth shall lye:
 Be Thou, O *Jove*, contented with thy Sky.

Adriani morientis ad Animam.

O R,

The Heathen to his departing Soul.

I.

A H fleeting Spirit! wand'ring Fire,
 That long hast warm'd my tender Breast,
 Must thou no more this Frame inspire?

No more a pleasing, chearful Guest?

II. Whither,

II.

Whither, ah whither art thou flying!
To what dark, undiscover'd Shore?
Thou seem'st all trembling, fainting, dying,
And Wit and Humour are no more!

Christiani morientis ad Animam.

O R,

The Christian to his departing Soul.

I.

VITAL Spark of Heav'nly Flame!
Dost thou quit this mortal Frame?
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
Oh the Pain, the Bliss of Dying!
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy Strife:
Let me languish into Life.

D 3

II. My

II.

My swimming Eyes are sick of Light,
The lessening World forsakes my Sight,
A Damp creeps cold o'er every Part,
Nor moves my Pulse, nor heaves my Heart,
The hov'ring Soul is on the Wing;
Where, mighty Death! Oh where's thy Sting?

III.

I hear around soft Musick play,
And Angels beckon me away!
Calm, as forgiven Hermites rest,
I'll sleep, or Infants at the Breast,
'Till the last Trumpet rend the Ground;
Then wake with Transport at the Sound!



*Upon some Blasphemous Discourses on our
Saviour's Miracles.*

HAIL Christian Prelates, for your Master's
Expos'd by Fool-born Jest to grinning Shame! ^[Name]

Hail Fathers, to be envied not deplor'd,
Who share the Treatment destin'd to your Lord,
What time his mortal Race on Earth began,
When first the Son of God was Son of Man!

Behold from Night the Great Accuser rise,
Retouching old, and coining modern Lies;
No Slander unessay'd, no Path untrod
To blast the Glories of incarnate God!

“ An open Enemy to *Moses*' Laws;
“ A secret Patron of *Samaria*'s Cause;
“ Who dar'd at *Levi*'s Race his Curses send,
“ The Sot's Companion, and the Sinner's Friend;
“ Who purpos'd *Sion*'s Temple to o'erthrow,
“ Traitor to *Cæsar*, and to God a Foe;

“ Who Wonders wrought by Force of Magick Spell,
“ Possess with Dæmons, and in League with Hell.”
Remains there ought, ye Pow’rs of Darknes, yet ?
Yes; make your antient Blasphemies compleat.

“ The Sacred Leaves no Prophecies contain,
“ No Miracles, to prove Messiah’s Reign.”

To this each Sacred Leaf aloud replies,
Nor need we trust our Reason, but our Eyes.
’Tis urg’d, his mightiest Wonders never show’d
“ Our Saviour Nature’s Lord, and real God.”

Whose Word commanded Earth, and Sea, and Air,
Bad gloomy Dæmons to their Hell repair,
Spoke all Diseases into Health and Bloom,
And call’d the mouldring Carcase from the Tomb,
O’er Tyrant Death exerted Godlike Sway,
And op’d the Portals of eternal Day.

Here nobler Mysteries a Sage descries,
“ The Letter false or trivial in his Eyes.”

Suppose

Miscellaneous Poems.

41

Suppose in ev'ry Act were understood
Some future, mystick and sublimer Good;
Yet who the Letter into Air refines,
Destroys at once the Substance and the Signs,
Will find the Truth is with the Figure flown,
Because by Nothing Nothing is foreshown;
Else Lunaticks might deep Divines commence,
And downright Nonsense be the Type of Sense.
What wilder Dream did ever Madman seize,
Than —— “ Symbols all are meer Non-Entities?”
This *Sion* Hill fast by the Roots will tear,
And scatter *Sinai's* Mountain into Air:
No *David* ever reign'd on *Judah's* Throne,
For *David* shadow'd his Diviner Son.
So fair, so glorious Light's material Ray,
That Heaven is liken'd to a cloudless Day:
Embodied Minds require some outward Sign
To represent and image Things Divine.

All

All Objects must we therefore subtilize ?
And raze the Face of Nature from our Eyes ?
Dispute is over, the Creation gone,
In Noon-day Splendor we behold no Sun :
Thus, fast as Pow'r Almighty can create,
May Frenzy with a Nod annihilate.

No Marks of foul Imposture then were known,
The Cures were publick, to a Nation shown :
And who, the Facts expos'd to ev'ry Eye,
If false cou'd credit, or if true deny ?
While Thousands liv'd by Miracle restor'd,
Heal'd by a Touch, a Shadow, or a Word !
Denial then had shocking prov'd and vain ;
But now the Serpent tries another Train,
To Turns and Doubs and Circumstances flies,
And groundless, endless May-be's multiplies.
Now ev'ry idle Question dark appears,
Obscure by Shade of seventeen hundred Years,

Which

Which then each Ignorant and Child must know,
 And ev'ry Friend resolve, and ev'ry Foe.
 No Trace of possible Deceit was there:
 Wou'd those, who spilt his Blood, his Honour spare?
 When Prejudice and Int'rest urg'd his Fate,
 And Superstition edg'd their keenest Hate,
 When ev'ry Footstep was beset with Spies,
 And restless Envy watch'd with all her Eyes,
 When Jewish Priests with *Herod's* Courtiers joyn'd,
 And Pow'r, and Craft, and Earth, and Hell combin'd.
 Speak, *Caiaphas*, thy Prophecy be shown,
 " He died for *Israel's* Sake, and not his own!
Pilate arise! his Righteous Cause maintain,
 And clear the injur'd Innocent again.
 Truth fixt, Eternal stands, and can defy
 Time's rowling Course to turn it to a Lie.
 Must ev'ry Age the once-heard Cause recall,
 Replacing *Jesus* in the Judgment Hall,

Cite

Cite living Witnesſes a-new to plead,
And raiſe from Duſt the long-ſepulchred Dead?
That Fools undue Conviction may receive,
And thoſe, who Reaſon flight, may Senſe believe.
Thoſe, who the Teſt of former Ages ſcorn,
(For Men were Ideots all, till They were born)
Whoſe ſtrength of Argument in This we view,
'Tis ſo long ſince, perhaps it is not true.

Ye Worthies, in the Book of Life enroll'd,
Who nobly fill'd the Biſhops' Thrones of old;
Ye Priests, on ſecond Thrones, who, true to God,
By Tortures and by Death your Priestcraft ſhow'd;
Ye Flocks, diſdaining from the Fold to ſtray,
Still following, where your Paſtors led the Way,
Whoſe Works thro' length of Years tranſmitted come
Eſcap'd from *Gothick* Waſt, and Papal *Rome*,
Juſtly renown'd! behold, how Malice tries
To blaſt your Fame, and vex your Paradife!

Let

Let Hereticks each human Slip declare,
And ridicule the Test they cannot bear,
To these what modish Ignorants succeed !
And Fops your Writings blame, who cannot read.
These open Enmities to Glory tend ;
The Wound strikes deeper from a seeming Friend.
Let Deist Refugees your Fame oppose,
And *Dutch* Professors list themselves your Foes :
But ah ! let none asperse with vile Applause,
And quote with Praises in the Devil's Cause ;
In gleaning Scraps bad Diligence employ,
The Tenour of your Doctrines to destroy ;
Make you your much-lov'd Lord and God deride,
For whom you Saints have liv'd, and Martyrs died.
Yet so pursued by Love-diffembling Hate,
You fill the Measure of your Master's Fate.
Glory to *Jesu* ! the Blasphemer cries ;
But glaring Malice mocks the thin Disguise.

Iscariot

*Isca*riot thus false Adoration paid,
Hail'd when he seiz'd, saluted and betray'd.
May *Jesu's* Blood discharge ev'n this Offence,
When wash'd with Tears of timely Penitence !
E'er yet Experience sad Assent create,
Convince in earnest, but convince too late ;
E'er yet, descended from dissolving Skies,
To plead his Cause himself shall God arise :
Then Scorn must cease, and Laughter must be o'er,
And witty-Fools reluctantly adore.
So, as authentic old Records declare,
(If past with future Judgment we compare)
Possess with frantick and Dæmoniac Spleen,
Apostate *Julian* scoff'd the *Nazarene*;
His keenest Wit th' Imperial Jester tries,
Sure to his Breast the vengeful Arrow flies;
He, while his Wound with vital Crimson streams,
Proud in Despair, Confesses and Blasphemes ;

Impious,

Impious, but Unbelieving now no more,
He owns the *Galilean* Conqueror.

*Upon altering the Psalms, to apply them to
a Christian State.*

I.

HAS *David Christ* to come foreſhow'd?
Can Christians then aspire
To mend the Harmony, that flow'd
From his Prophetick Lyre?

II.

How curious are their Wits and vain,
Their erring Zeal how bold,
Who dare with meaner Dross prophane
His Purity of Gold!

. III.

His Pſalms unchang'd the Saints employ;
Unchang'd our God applies;
They ſuit th' Apoſtles in their Joy,
The Saviour when he dies.

IV.

Let *David's* pure unalter'd Lays
Transmit through Ages down,
To Thee, O *David's* Lord, our Praise,
To Thee, O *David's* Son !

V.

'Till Judgment calls the Seraph Throng
To joyn the Human Choir,
And God, who gave the Antient Song,
The New one ſhall inſpire.



Part of the 9th Ode of the 4th Book of Horace,
address'd to Dr. William King, late Lord
Arch-Bishop of Dublin.

Paulum sepultæ, &c.

Virtue conceal'd within our Breast
Is Inactivity at best:

But, never shall the Muse endure
To let your Virtues lye obscure,
Or suffer Envy to conceal
Your Labours for the publick Weal.
Within your Breast all Wisdom lyes,
Either to govern or advise ;
Your steady Soul preserves her Frame
In good and evil Times the same.
Pale Avarice and lurking Fraud
Stand in your sacred Presence aw'd ;
Your Hand alone from Gold abstains,
Which drags the slavish World in Chains.

Him for an happy Man I own,
Whose Fortune is not overgrown ;
And happy he, who wisely knows
To use the Gifts, that Heav'n bestows ;
Or, if it please the Pow'rs Divine,
Can suffer Want, and not repine.
The Man, who, Infamy to shun,
Into the Arms of Death would run,
That Man is ready to defend
With Life his Country, or his Friend.

S O N G.

I.

NO Glory I covet, no Riches I want,
Ambition is nothing to me,
The one thing I beg of kind Heav'n to grant,
Is a Mind independent and free.

II. With

II.

With Passion unruffled, untainted with Pride,
By Reason my Life let me square;
The Wants of my Nature are cheaply supply'd,
And the rest is but Folly and Care.

III.

The Blessings, which Providence freely has lent,
I'll justly and gratefully prize,
Whilst sweet Meditation and chearful Content
Shall make me both healthy and wise.

IV.

In the Pleasures, the great Man's Possessions display,
Unenvy'd I'll challenge my Part;
For every fair Object my Eyes can survey
Contributes to gladden my Heart.

V.

How vainly, through infinite Trouble and Strife,
The Many their Labours employ !
Since all that is truly delightful in Life
Is what all, if they will, may enjoy.

To STELLA, on her Picture.

SEE, *Stella*, yonder Picture see,
The lovely Portraiture of Thee !
There may'st Thou view thy various Charms,
Thy iv'ry Neck, thy snowy Arms,
Thy Hair, that with the Jet may vie,
The Fires, that sparkle in thy Eye,
The curious Arch, that forms thy Brow,
Thy Lips, the Beds where Roses blow,
Thy rising Bosom, graceful Side,
Thy Vesture's easy-flowing Pride,

With

With all th' harmonious Shape and Air,
That to the World proclaim Thee fair.
These Coxcombs see, and are on fire,
The Wise approve, the Fools admire,
These the most stubborn Soul may move,
But not secure a lasting Love.

Unless from all rough Passions free,
From Pride, Self-love and Vanity,
Thou'lt let the friendly Truth prevail
Before the softest flatt'ring Tale;
Unless thy Tears in Pity flow,
Thy Bosom heave at other's Woe;
Unless good Sense and Nature join
To shew thy other Half Divine;
The Air, the Shape, the Eye, the Brow,
Those Charms so prais'd, and envy'd so,
Are all but Paint, a Picture Thou.

}

A TALE, from J. Gower *Cotemporary*
with Chaucer.

IN old *Armenia* reign'd ('tis sung by Fame)
A mighty King, and *Herupus* his Name;
One Child he had, *Rodiphile* the Wife,
(If Fame in praising Women never lyes)
Nor was She titled only Wife, but Fair,
And, howfoe'er begot, the Monarch's Heir.
This Fault was hers, which 'twere in vain to hide,
Untouch'd with Love, she *Hymen's* Pow'r defy'd:
No soft Admirer, no prevailing Art
Could reach her Fancy, or approach her Heart;
For *Cupid*; she disdain'd the trifling Boy,
And hence was justly rank'd among the Coy.
'Till *Venus*, Goddess of the beauteous Kind,
Who knows the Foible of a Female's Mind,
Observing Hers was idle, call'd her Son,
And bade him see the proper Business done;

For much she wonder'd (as indeed 'tis rare,
To find no Love in such a lovely Fair,)
That each brave Knight, who for the Damsel try'd,
Still found a Scorner, where he hop'd a Bride.
But Heav'n be thank'd, such are not All we know,
Nor was our Royal Maid for ever so;
The God of Love a happy Chance prepares,
That melts her Temper, and controuls her Airs.

All in the flow'ry Month of sprightly *May*,
Forth walk'd *Rodiphile* by Dawn of Day;
Her Ladies few, it might have happen'd none,
(For why should Ladies rise before the Sun?)
Down in a neighb'ring Park, her Path unseen,
Full soft she footed o'er the lovely Green;
'Till cross her Way a Brook ran smooth and clear.
That, when it broke her Walk, detain'd her there.
I'll rest, she cry'd, beneath this blooming Haw;
Then bade the Women of her Train withdraw.

From Earth's fair Bed she sees the Daizy spring,
She hears glad Birds in am'rous Conforts sing,
She sees the Hart, the Hind, the Buck, the Doe,
Each in their Kind with one another go ;
Through Birds, through Beasts, the Male and Fe-
And all look'd gay, and all was kind, but Her. ^{[male pair;}
Soft Thoughts now first within her Bosom move,
And every Object pleads the Cause of Love.

As, musing thus, she turns her roving Eye,
She sees a Band of Beauties prancing by ;
In one Apparel all enrob'd they ride
O'er the long Chace, beneath the Forest's Side :
Their gentle Palfreys were a lovely Sight,
Their Size all equal, and their Colour White,
With Gold, with Pearls, with every precious Stone,
Past all Compare, their gorgeous Trappings shone,
Their Kirtles White, adorn'd with Stripes of Blue,
And thick Embroid'ry of each lovely Hue ;

Bright

Bright sparkling Stars around the Border glow,
And free the fringing Silver plays below.
Slender and tall the Nymphs, and every Face
By far transcending any Earthly Grace;
Crowns on their Heads they wore, as each had been
The World's great Empress, or at least a Queen;
And, sure, nor *Cræsus*' Wealth, nor *India*'s Store
Could buy the meanest of the Crowns they wore.

Conscious her State was so outdone by theirs,
The Royal Maid beneath the Shade retires;
Alas! she cry'd, those Faces how Divine!
Those Robes how glorious! how surpassing mine!
Can I, who equal not the Meanest there,
Can I enquire, or who, or whence they are?
Yet such Impression curious Tempers show,
That sure she would not for the World but know;
Then peeps abroad her Head, and quickly sees
A single Damsel move beneath the Trees;

Jaded

Jaded her Horse, and old, and lean, and black,
Lame every Foot, and all o'er gall'd his Back ;
No Mark adorn'd him, save one Star of White,
And 'twas a Pain to see his piteous Plight.
Ill-made the Saddle, and the Covering course ;
Well suited both, I ween, to such a Horse.
But, what most Wonder rais'd, her Bridle shone
With many a costly Gemm, and sparkling Stone :
Plain was her Kirtle, of a dingy Hue,
And (O sad Shame !) a little tatter'd too :
Nay, worse than all, she's burthen'd and disgrac'd
With scores of Halters dangling at her Waste ;
Yet, as she near approach'd, 'twas plain to see
Fair was her Face, as any Face could be ;
Exact the Form, the Features sweet appear,
But deeply shadow'd, and o'ercome with Care.

Now steps the Princess forth, and hopes to find
Who ride before, from her who lags behind,

And,

And, Sister fair, she cries, what Nymphs are They,
Those glitt'ring Nymphs, who pass the Forest Way?

Ah! Madam, Those you see in Glory ride,
In low-sunk Speech the woful Form reply'd,
Those Nymphs, while living, were to Love resign'd,
To Love for ever gen'rous, faithful, kind;
Their present Joys their past Desert display,
Hence the fair Steeds, and hence the rich Array:
She said; and turn'd to urge her destin'd Way.

Yet stay, one Moment stay, and, whence, relate,
Thy Load of Halts, and thy woful State?
The Princess thus; and thus the Phantome fair;
Men call'd me once a Monarch's beauteous Heir;
I ne'er was wed, was too perverse and coy,
And having then no Love, find now no Joy:
Hence my fore Anguish, and my sad Distress,
Hence the lame Horse, and hence this tatter'd Dress;

'Tis

'Tis hence too, that every first of blooming *May*
With these, the Ladies of the rich Array,
Like a poor Groom with hinder Pace I lag,
And at my Waste their Horses' Halters drag ;
This Post I hold, nor can a better gain,
Who knew not to relieve the Lover's Pain :
Fool that I was ! to shun each warm Address,
Since those must ne'er be blest, who never blest.

Stay, cries again the Princess, yet declare,
What means the Richness of thy Bridle there?

At this, her Grief unable to disguise,
The Phantome bursts in Tears, and thus replies ;
These shining Reins a sorer Pain renew,
And call my last sad Fortune to my View ;
Before I perish'd in my Bloom of Life,
Love through my Bosom rais'd a wond'rous Strife ;
Yielding at length, I wish'd to prove a Bride,
But e're I gain'd my Wish, a Maid I dy'd.

I thought a Fortnight's Stay no mighty Thing,
But ah! from mad Delays what Sorrows spring!
I ask'd a Fortnight, then resolv'd to wed,
But, e're that Fortnight ended, I was dead;
I would have giv'n my Hand and Heart away,
Had Fate allow'd me to have reach'd the Day;
I wou'd; 'tis all that I can say, I wou'd,
And Love forgets not that my Will was good,
For that he deigns to mitigate my Ill,
And gives this Bridle, since I gave my Will.
Instructed hence, let every Virgin learn;
Still let my Bridle tempt, my Halters warn;
Still to their View my dire Example rise,
And Scorners, if they can, at last grow wise.

This said, the Form deserts the Virgin's Eye,
As fleet the Figures in a waving Sky;
Leaves her the mournful Story to bemoan,
And meditate the dismal Case her own,

Alas!

Alas! says she, too plain these Visions prove,
'Tis Impious to resist the Pow'r of Love;
Convinc'd, his sacred Laws I'll strait obey,
Nor will I live a Maid beyond To-day.

And now she homeward hastes with eager Bent,
Chang'd in her Heart from all her old Intent,
Selects out from amidst her Suitor-Train,
A youthful Knight, who long had su'd in vain;
With him in Wedlock joyns the Royal Fair,
And earns the Joys, she must hereafter share.
Freed from her Fears, and now commenc'd a Bride,
Thinks what a pompous Steed was hers to ride!
What Honours, what Rewards her Wife-hood gains!
What Glories wait her in th' aerial Plains!
Conscious, already glows with future Charms,
And flies exulting to her Bridegroom's Arms.



On M E L I S S A.

I.

WHILST Winter holds his cruel Reign,
Dreary and naked lies the Plain,
But soon warm Suns and genial Show'rs
Returning wake the Vernal Flow'rs.

II.

Can thus the fairest Fair presume,
The Winter of her Life once come ?
No; wither'd Charms must hope in vain
A second Spring to bloom again.

III.

Not Patches, Paint, or Foreign Hair
A single Feature can repair:
Silk, Satin, Lace small Aid impart,
For Age will be too strong for Art.

IV. Then

IV.

Then She, the cruel haughty She,
Fond to enslave, but not to free,
Herself shall feel th' afflicting Scorn
Of Slaves triumphant in their Turn.

V.

Not so, *Melissa*, lovely Fair!
Charming beyond a Shape or Air,
Modest, yet Affable and Kind,
A faultless Face! a spotless Mind!

VI.

When Age (the Bane of Pride) comes on,
And all her outward Charms are gone,
Her Virtues then the more display'd
Shall give a Bloom, that ne'er shall fade.



JOHN and his Teacher.

Quoth *John* to his Teacher, Good Sir, if you
 I would beg your Advice in a difficult Case;
 'Tis a weighty Concern, which may hold one for Life,
 'Tis, in short, the old Story of taking a Wife.

There's a Pair of young Damsels I'm proffer'd to
 And whether to choose puts me in a quandary.

They're alike for Age, Family, Fortune and Feature,
 Only one has more Grace, and the other Good-nature.

As for that, quoth the Teacher, Good-nature and
 And Sweetness of Temper, are Gifts from Above;
 And, as coming from thence, we should give them
 Grace is a Superior Blessing, 'tis true.

Ay, Sir, I remember an excellent Sarment,
 Wherein all along you gave Grace the Prefarment:
 I shall never forget it, as how you was telling,
 That Heav'n resided, where Grace had its dwelling.

Why, *John*, quoth the Teacher, that's right; but
 What Heav'n can do is quite out of the Case, [alas!
 For by Night and by Day with the Woman you wed
 'Tis You that must board, and 'tis You that must bed;
 Now a good-natur'd Girl may quickly prove gracious,
 But a sow'r-headed Saint will be ever vexatious.

On a Lady drinking Green-Tea in a Morning.

WHile Cits black Coffee drink, and duller we
 Please our ill-judging Tastes with strong [Bohea;
 Your nicer Choice commends the lovely Green;
 This, you maintain, diverts the fullen Spleen.
 No clouding Fumes these purer Streams emit,
 They mend the Stomach, and they raise the Wit,
 Life's greatest Blessings kindly they dispense,
 And in one Current flow both Health and Sense.

But oh! what Gazer can those Charms withstand,
 When the white *Cpino* fills the whiter Hand?
 When gay at Tea, our Morning you beguile,
 And o'er the new-fill'd Dish with Pleasure smile?
 So *Venus* look'd, when (as old Poets feign)
 That Queen of Love rose from the wond'ring Main;
 Such was the Dame, and such the Waters were,
 When the green Floods play'd round the new-born
 The same lov'd Colour dy'd the ambient Sea, ^{[Fair;}
 And surely all the Ocean then was Tea.

On a F O P newly married.

WHILST now the first Month's Joy runs ^{[high,}
 The Lightning of his *Clara's* Eye
 Employs Sir *Courtly's* Song;
 Let but another Month ensue,
 Another Theme may offer too,
 The Thunder of her Tongue.

CORYDON & THESTYLIS.

I.

Cor. **P**Lus, *Thestyli, cara*
Quam ætheris aura,
Et melle jucundior ori;
O te mihi dedas,
Et blandula cedas,
Quem fert tibi pastor, amori.

II.

T. *Omnimoda certe*
Mea mens caret arte,
Nec ego scio quid sit amare;
Et, si non absistis
Sermonibus istis,
Non est mihi fas tolerare.

III. *Sic*

R O G E R and C I C E L Y.

I.

Rog. C Ome, Love, let us join,
Come pr'ythee be mine,
Mine only, my dear pretty Creature ;
More my *Cicely* I prize,
Than I do both my Eyes,
And than Honey to me she is sweeter.

II.

C. You think to persuade
A poor simple Maid,
Unskill'd in the Bus'ness of wooing :
If you hold on your Jest,
I'll be gone, I protest,
For fear it should prove my undoing.

III.

C. *Sic intus sum motus,
 Sic ardeo totus,
 Me sic amor exagitavit,
 Ut arundine dirâ
 Cupidinis ira
 Mihi, sentio, cor terebravit.*

IV.

T. *Sic, sic profitentes,
 Nos improvidentes,
 Vos juvenes usque tentatis ;
 Rudesque puellas,
 Per hasce fabellas,
 Nequissimè ludificatis.*

V.

C. *Nolito amarè
 Sic increpitare,
 Nec me jugula veris ore ;*

III.

R. I'm in such a Fever,
The like it was never ;
So dreadfully sore is my Smart,
That *Cupid*, I weet,
Were you but to see't,
Has bor'd a great Hole in my Heart.

IV.

C. Yes, yes, the plain case is,
You know all your Paces,
Whene'er you would compass your Pleasure;
And if silly Wenches
Believe your Pretences,
They're left to repent at their Leisure.

V.

R. In Pity forbear
To insult me, my Dear,
O spare, while so sorely I languish!

*Ah ! quæ ibi ars sit,
 Quid fraudi supersit,
 Ubi omnia plena dolore ?*

VI.

*T. Non tam duruerunt,
 Quin usque sueverunt
 Mea pectora commisereri ;
 At territa fatis
 Sum credulitatis,
 Et ineptula nolo videri.*

VII.

*C. At ego, modestè,
 Propono pro teste
 Quam sim tibi mente reali ;
 Quod summa mî precum
 Est vivere tecum,
 In fœdere connubiali.*

VIII. *Sed*

What Room, dear Unkind,
For Deceit can you find
In a Breast that is brim-full of Anguish?

VI.

C. Nay, nay, *Roger*, now
You wrong me, I vow,
I would not be reckon'd hard-hearted:
But, alas! I have known,
For believing too soon,
Poor Maids that have woefully smarted.

VII.

R. Pray do not suppose,
That I'm one of Those,
Who can leave their Sweet-hearts in the Lurch;
I mean, in good Sooth,
To plight you my Troth,
When the Bans have been ask'd in the Church.

VIII. But

VIII.

T. *Sed si cito cesset,
 Quæ flamma calescit
 Nunc jecore tam violenter;
 Si tempore parvo
 Sis ore protervo,
 Nec plus tibi nostra probentur.*

IX.

C. *Dulcissima rerum,
 Expendito verum,
 Et non potes ista timere;
 In orbe thesauri
 Quotcunque sint auri,
 Sine te mihi nil valuere.*

X.

T. *Admittere mali,
 Cum conjuge tali,
 Non debeo certè timorem.*

VIII.

C. But then, should you soon,
With the first Honey-moon,
Should you forfeit the Troth which you plighted;
Should you cool to your Spouse,
Laugh at all your past Vows,
And *Cicely*, poor *Cicely*! be flighted?

IX.

R. Come, Sweet! be not shy,
On your True-Love rely;
Come, with hearty Good-will let's agree;
You may quit ev'ry Fear,
When, without you, I swear,
All the World would be nothing to me.

X.

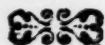
C. Well, I can't but approve
Of so honest a Love;
Nor dread to be such a one's Wife.

R. And

C. *Dum remanet vita,
 Qui jungitur ita,
 Nil, nil violabit amorem.*

Part of the second Chorus in Seneca's Thyestes.

S*Tet, quicumque volet, potens
 Aulæ culmine lubrico,
 Me dulcis saturet quies ;
 Obscuro positus loco
 Leni perfruar otio,
 Nullis nota Quiritibus
 Ætas per tacitum fluat ;
 Sic, quum transferint mei
 Nullo cum strepitu dies,
 Plebeius moriar senex.
 Illi mors gravis incubat,
 Qui, notus nimis omnibus,
 Ignotus moritur sibi.*



R. And a Love, my dear *Cis*,
That's as honest as this,
Is as long and as lasting as Life.

The English Translation.

STand, who list, at Court in Pow'r,
Slipp'ry Grandeur of an Hour!
Me may sweeter Quiet please,
Shade obscure, and gentle Ease!
Far from Cities, Noise and Show,
Silent let my Life-time flow,
Still, unheard of, gliding on :
So, when all my Race is run,
Let me, free from Guilt and Pain,
Die a good old Countryman.
Death to Him will sad appear
Who, while idly busy here,
Dies, too much to others known,
Stranger to himself alone.

Old

Old England's Garland ; or, the Italian Opera's Downfall. An excellent new Ballad : To the Tune of King John and the Abbot of Canterbury.

I Sing of sad Discords, that happen'd of late,
Of strange Revolutions, but not in the State ;
How old *England* grew fond of old Tunes of her own,
And our Ballads went up, and our *Opera's* down.

Derry down, down, hey derry down.

Our *Opera's*, I say, for with Our *English* Money
We have paid for the Trills of Signora *Cuzzoni* ;
Nor yet had I ly'd, had I said, *Senesino*
Has got a brave Spill of our good ready Rhino.

Derry down, &c.

They still pick'd our Pockets, and fear'd no Alarm,
For they thought their *Sonata's* for ever would charm ;
But the bold *Jonny Gay*, he soon made it appear,
That the Songsters had got the wrong Sow by the Ear.

Derry down, &c.

For,

For, nobly resolv'd their due Distance to teach 'em,
He let loose his *Canary* Birds, *Lockit* and *Peachum*,
With these and their Mates put 'em clean to the Rout,
And out-sung 'em all ; for he sung 'em all out.

Derry down, &c.

No Quarter they found, no, nor Time to take Breath,
He ply'd 'em so hard with the mighty *Mackbeath* ;
But Captain *Mackbeath* did not quite do his Duty,
He scar'd 'em, but let 'em go off with the Booty.

Derry down, &c.

And, if ever they dare to engage us agen,
My Life on't, they'll find We are still the best Men ;
Proud *Rome* must knock under to fair *London* City,
And Knights of the Road prove too hard for *Banditti*.

Derry down, &c.

No more with a languishing Audience surrounded,
Their *Cremona*'s unrosin'd, their Voices dumb-founded,

They

They let drop in a Fright all their lofty Pretences,
And are out of their Wits, to find us in our Senses.

Derry down, &c.

Now, the Bone is remov'd, their Contentions may cease,
And their long civil Wars end at last in a Peace ;
Now may each jealous Queen be the other's dear Crony,
And *Faustina* shake Hands with her Rival *Cuzzoni*.

Derry down, &c.

Tho' this Union, I doubt, would bring little Relief,
Since they still must remember, with Hearts full of
How hard 'twas to leave an unfortunate Land, ^{[Grief,}
To sing nothing at all, but what All understand.

Derry down, &c.

We have sign'd 'em their Pass, and the vagabond
Now without Let or Hindrance may jig it along, ^{[Throng}
Over Sea, over Land, through *Geneva*, or *France*,
They have pip'd long enough, 'tis high time they
^{[should dance.}

Derry down, &c.

And

And what further remains, but to wish them well
To the Doge, the Grand Duke, or the old Pope of ^{[Home,} Rome?
They are gone, let 'em go, we shall see 'em no more;
And so farewell to *Bravo*, farewell to *Encore*.

Derry down, &c.

The L O V E R.

W Here the Brooks and the Nightingales mur-
[mur their Notes,
All alone the fond Lover reclines on the
[Grass;
Intent on some Flower, that down the Wave floats,
Or the fair fading Clouds o'er his head as they pass.

Then he suddenly sighs, and he wishes to die,
(The Charms of his *Chloris* awak'ning his Mind)
Then he smiles and is blest'd, but he does not know
[why;
Still fearing her cruel, or hoping her kind.

O how sweet wou'd it be, cries he wild to the Air,
 How sweet wou'd it be, wou'd she live with the
 [Swain!
 And then does he praise her for being so fair,
 And then does he blame her for giving him Pain.

Thus, lying along, is he found by the Stream,
 While the Winds of the Ev'ning blow cold in the
 [Grove;
 Unheeding of ought but the Nymph of his Dream,
 All lost in the Joys and the Sorrows of Love.

*Upon a Friend's Death on board His Majesty's Fleet
 in the West-Indies. Imitated from the Greek.*

POOOR *Jack*, farewell! Curse on the Pride of
 [Spain
 That forc'd our Navy o'er the *Western* Main.
 High were the Hopes thy gallant Spirit gave,
 All, all now buried in a wat'ry Grave!
 Instead of these, thy Friends can only find
 Thy dear Remembrance ever in their Mind.

A PINDARIC ODE.

To James Oglethorpe, Esq; in the Country.

Written in the Year 1728.

I.

A Rise, and soar, my tow'ring Soul,
To Flights of lofty *Pindar's* Song,
When, scorning Laws, his Torrents roll
Their Dithyrambick Tide along :
No Fall, like *Icarus*, I fear,
Who dar'd with artful Pinions fly ;
Me stronger Nature shall up-bear,
Nor Follower, but a Rival, I.

II.

Tho' long extinct *Apollo's* Rage,
And lost is *Aganippe's* Stream,
Nature, the same in every Age,
Still shines, my unexhausted Theme ;

Whether her Favour deign to crown
Some darling Son with Wit refin'd,
Or Wisdom show'r, and Virtue, down,
Those Glories of the Human Mind!

III.

Or else her Pencil she prepare
For Spring's returning Scene,
To paint inimitably fair
The Fields with living Green ;
Her gawdy Bow aloft to spread,
When Clouds their Treasure pour,
Or Earth embroider, for our Tread,
With Beauties of the Flower.

I.

Wisely from Smoak and Noise remov'd,
Each Morn You view, with ravish'd Eye,
The Country sweet, by Poets lov'd,
Which Fancy must to Me supply.

On Breezes vernal Odours float,
The Dew-drops glitter on the Spray,
The feather'd Songsters swell their Note,
And the Sun smiles, and You are gay!

II.

Senates, supreme on Earth, we see,
Bid new-built Temples threat the Skies,
White-hall it self, at their Decree,
Improv'd might from its Ashes rise,
But say, would all their Art and Care
One single Vegetable show?
With Cowslips' Scent perfume the Air,
Or teach the Haw-thorn how to blow?

III.

Did Fortune answer to my Mind,
My Wishes to my Love,
No Need of Invitations kind,
To lead me to the Grove,

Where Nature's Works I might admire,
Free from the City's Crowd,
And from the Art of Man retire,
To view the Art of God.

I.

Vast Navies, built by human Skill,
The Pilot's wond'rous Art obey ;
The Oak deserts its native Hill,
O'er Ocean's liquid World to stray:
Yet vain the Ship-wright's boasted Pride,
The Chart or Compass nought avails,
If Nature joins not with her Tide,
Nor lends Assistance with her Gales.

II.

From Pole to Pole our Squadrons go,
Excelling ancient Fables far,
Of *Argo*, when a Ship below,
Or when exalted to a Star :

Preserv'd from Rocks and Storms in vain,
Laden with Wealth or Fame they come,
Shou'd erring Counsellors ordain,
They suffer Shipwrack here at Home.

III.

Them Virtue rises to defend,
In spight of Numbers bold,
See Avarice a-while suspend
Its wonted Thirst of Gold!
What Pride or Fraud may have design'd,
See Reason over-bear!
And Fleets a Port of Safety find,
If *Oglethorpe* is there.

I.

The Pious, grateful Duty owes
To the dear Land, where He was born,
A glorious Debt! which Nature knows
With fairest Int'rest to return.

He merits first his Country's Praise,
Who steers her Helm through Danger on,
And He deserves the second Place,
Who guards her Safety with a Son.

II.

'Twas thus the Father of my Friend
Wisely secur'd a lasting Fame,
Beyond the Reach of Death t' extend
His publick and domestick Name.
'Tis fingle, 'tis imperfect Light,
The World from Worth unwedded shares,
He only shines compleatly bright,
Who leaves his Virtues to his Heirs.

III.

Oh thus too may his Off-spring haste
His Glory to improve,
And, fir'd by Love to *Britain*, taste
The Bliss of private Love !

With

With Joy his Summons I attend,
And fly, with Speed, away;
Let but the Patriot condescend
To fix his Marriage-Day.

EPITAPH on Mrs. Elizabeth Corbett.

HEre rests a Woman good without Pretence,
Blest with plain Reason, and with sober Sense;
No Conquests She, but o'er Herself, desir'd ;
No Arts essay'd, but not to be admir'd:
Passion and Pride were to her Soul unknown,
Convinc'd that Virtue only is our own.
So unaffected, so compos'd a Mind,
So firm, yet soft, so strong, yet so refin'd,
Heav'n, as its purest Gold, by Tortures try'd ;
The Saint sustain'd it, but the Woman dy'd.

T O

Mrs. LETITIA CORNWALLIS,

O N T H E

DEATH of her Brother, FRANCIS CORNWALLIS
of *Abermarlis*, Esq;

THough many Days, since He beheld his last,
 Whom much we lov'd, and much we mourn'd,
 And though each Sun, that swells the growing Train,
 Lends every Heart some kind Allay of Pain :
 Not Time, that changes all things here below,
 That wears off Others Griefs, impairs your Woe;
 For ever breathe You all your first Surprize,
 And still one Flood of Sorrow fills your Eyes.

But vain the gushing Tear, and querulous Breath!
 Strong howsoe'er they plead, they melt not Death;
 Unmov'd He hears th' indulgent Mother's Cries,
 The Widow's Moan, the weeping Virgin's Sighs;

No

No Complaint, no Plea his least Remorse procures,
If ought could touch him, 'twere a Grief like Yours.

And O, at length, resume your firmer Part,
O check the Languor of your mournful Heart;
Intent, no more on one sad Image dwell,
And what relieves not Time, let Reason heal:
Think, Heav'n demands the unreluctant Mind,
The Passion vanquish'd, and the Will resign'd,
The Soul compos'd, that shall its Glory raise,
That knows to yield, for when we yield we praise;
Our Acts of patience own th' Eternal Laws,
And mild Submission pleads th' Almighty's Cause.
Say, where's our Good? what may the Living boast?
If Life's whole Essence with our Dead be lost;
If all that's left be Horror, Pain, and Strife;
For ah! when Peace forsakes us, where's our Life?
Is this our Portion from the bounteous Skie?
And are we born, but to lament and die?

O calm the Tumult that usurps your Breast,
Your Debt of Sorrow paid, restrain the rest ;
Nor claims our other Self, our dearest Friend,
The Tribute of a Grief, that ne'er should end.
Enough at length has wept the tender Maid,
Enough the Sister wail'd the Brother's Shade ;
The worthiest Duty in th' Excess is wrong,
And ev'n those pious Tears may fall too long.

Soon though He vanish'd, like the smitten Flow'r,
His Period closing ere his Noon-tide Hour,
Ere yet his Sun had shed his brightest Ray,
Serene and lovely was his Morn of Day ;
One spotless Light, and one distinguish'd Blaze !
Short was his Progress, but not so his Praise.
To Guilt a Foe, He each bold Vice withstood,
And in an Age of Licence durst be Good :
In Senates, in Assemblies, Uncontroul'd,
Nor here Himself, nor there his Country fold ;

For Her, bade every meaner View stoop down,
And in her much-lov'd Int'rest plac'd his own;
Free to her Council sent, her Welfare fought,
Nor would betray the Trust, he never bought.

In Life's Recess, his private State, the same;
How shone the Patriot in Domestick Fame!
What Ardor, what Desert conspir'd to prove
His filial Duty, or his Nuptial Love!
There was the true Relation fully shown,
There liv'd, indeed, the Brother, Husband, Son!
There liv'd of Kinsmen, and of Friends, the best;
And oh what Blessings on his Ashes rest!
Fed from his Hand, or chear'd beneath his Eye,
Th' Oppress'd found Refuge, and the Poor, Supply.
Divine Benevôlence in his Aspect sate,
And still stood wide his hospitable Gate.
Well-natur'd, unaffected, plain of Heart;
And wise, unknowing of Design or Art:

With

With each fair Virtue crown'd, each chearful Grace,
Religious, but without the formal Face;
In Will well-order'd, as in Judgment found,
He steer'd the Golden Mean, which Few have found;
Past unprov'd this Earth's obnoxious Stage,
And in his scanty Hour liv'd o'er an Age.

O that, like Him, my destin'd Course I trod,
Nor e'er declin'd from Virtue's sacred Road;
Then sudden were, like his, my Call away,
Should angry Death refuse a Moment's Stay,
I'd fearless bid him all his Rage employ,
And, full of Hope, look forward to my Joy!

So smil'd at urgent Fate the Good, the Just;
So calm descended to the silent Dust:
And what though low, of Glory stript, he lye,
Nor longer shine, but to the Fancy's Eye,
Again that portly Frame shall upright stand,
Again be stretch'd out that unblemish'd Hand,

Again

Again that open Look new Vigor dart,
 Speak that lov'd Tongue, and beat that honest Heart:
 Yet shall He live ; and mortal then no more,
 When Death shall die, and Time it self be o'er.

Yes, when this World shall cease, as cease it shall,
 With all its various Cares, and Int'rests all,
 Your self, no longer vex't with dread Alarms,
 An Angel, bright with everlasting Charms!
 You yet shall hail him in th' Ethereal Sphere,
 And pleas'd, perhaps, salute him Brother there ;
 With heighten'd Joy admire his radiant Brow,
 And think, how idly we bewail'd him now.

Send o'er Mankind your searching Eye, and show,
 Where treads not Death, and where succeeds not Woe:
 Not *Bourbon's* boasted Pow'r, not *Austria's* Sway
 Can keep th' unwelcome Leveller away ;
 Oft has he havock'd through each high-born Line,
 And prov'd the Race, tho' glorious, not Divine.

His early Doom Young *Bridges* could not shun,
And mighty *Anna* wept an only Son.
Her self endur'd stern Fate's impartial Hand,
And left dissolv'd in Tears an Orphan Land.
Who breathe in Air must die, or late, or soon,
There's but one Law to All beneath the Moon:
Perpetual Ruin preys around the Ball,
And, by Degrees, whole Generations fall.
We now survive, anon our Lot is turn'd,
For These we mourn, by Those our selves are mourn'd;
And ev'n the Tyrant, that so frequent rends
From our unwilling Arms our best-lov'd Friends,
Ev'n He bids every Grief contract its Date,
And, haste to live, is still the Voice of Fate.



Part of the seventh ODE of the first Book of
Horace translated.

*Albus ut obscuro deterget nubila cælo
Sæpe notus, &c.*

AS Breezes from the Southern Main
Disperse the Clouds, and cleanse the Air;
Nor always bring descending Rain,
But sometimes settled Calm and Fair;

So, *Plancus*, with the Grape's soft Juice
Should you the Toils of Life dispel,
Whether the glitt'ring Camp you chuse,
Or at your shady *Tibur* dwell.

When *Teücer* from his Father fled,
His Native Land, and Gods forsook,
He crown'd with Poplar-wreaths his Head,
And in his Hand the Goblet took;

And come, said he, my Noble Friends,
Where Fortune leads, we'll boldly on ;
Fortune will make us full Amends
For all that *Telamon* has done.

'Tis *Teucer* leads, let None despair ;
The destin'd Spot before us lies,
Where great *Apollo's* Priests declare,
Another *Salamis* shall rise.

Then wisely snatch the precious Now,
We've oft endur'd severer Sorrow ;
Let Wine To-day unbend each Brow,
And hie again for Sea To-morrow.



The Nuptial SONG, from Catullus.

Y O U T H S.

THE Even's come, and on the dusky Sky,
At length, the Love-star lifts her Flame on
The Even's come, the long expected Eve! ^{[high,}
Arise, ye Youths, the finish'd Banquet leave,
Now comes the Bride, now sounds the Nuptial Cry;
Hither, O *Hymen, Hymenæus*, fly.

V I R G I N S.

And are ye backward, Virgins? haste, ye Maids;
Already *Vesper* gilds the Evening Shades.
See, for the Song the Youths already rise!
And now exulting claim the destin'd Prize;
Prepar'd alike to rally and reply.
Hither, O *Hymen, Hymenæus*, fly.

Y O U T H S.

O for no easy Toil must we prepare,
 See how the Virgins rouse up all their Care!
 See how they meditate the rising Strain!
 Nor rouse their Care, nor meditate in vain:
 While we our giddy Thought employ on Air,
 Justly o'ercome; for Conquest follows Care.
 Now then, at least, your joint Endeavours try,
 Now, now They sing; and now shou'd We reply,
 Hither, O *Hymen, Hymenæus*, fly.

V I R G I N S.

Like thee, invidious, on the dusky Sky,
 What Star, O *Vesper*, lifts her Flame on high?
 Who from her Mother's Arms the Fair canst tear,
 Tear from a Mother's Arms the clinging Fair;
 Who the chaste Maid to the rude Youth convey'ft;
 What more do Foes, when Foes our Cities waste?
 Hither, O *Hymen, Hymenæus*, haste.

Y O U T H

Y O U T H S.

Like thee, auspicious, on the dusky Sky,
 What Star, O *Vesper*, lifts her Flame on high?
 Who in thy rising Light compleat'st the Nuptial
 Their Parents did before what these have done,
 Nor were they join'd 'till grateful *Vesper* shone.

What greater Blessing grant the Gods above,
 Than the sweet Moment of propitious Love?
 Faster, O *Hymen*, *Hymenæus*, move.

V I R G I N S.

One of our Train has *Vesper* snatch'd away,
 We're justly watchful at the Close of Day;
 Then Robbers, then, in Safety lye conceal'd,

Y O U T H S.

But are, bright Star, by Thee again reveal'd,
 When, in a borrow'd Name, thou gild'st the Morn;
 Let Virgins blame thee, with dissembled Scorn,

With feign'd Complaint, thy grateful Beams decry,
 Silent, they bless, and wish thy Moment nigh.
 Hither, O *Hymen*, *Hymenæus*, fly.

V I R G I N S.

As the fair Bud that in some Garden grows,
 Safe from destructive Herds or rooting Ploughs,
 Nurs'd by soft Rains and *Phæbus*' genial Fire,
 Sees ev'ry Youth, and ev'ry Maid admire !
 But pluckt, behold its Beauties quickly fade!
 Despis'd by ev'ry Youth and ev'ry Maid.
 So the fair Maiden, while untouch'd, remains
 Dear to the Nymphs, and precious to the Swains.
 But if she once resigns her Virgin Flow'r,
 No more is precious, and is dear no more ;
 No more th' enamour'd Youths intreat her Love.
 Faster O *Hymen*, *Hymenæus*, move.

Y O U T H S.

'As the lone Vine that springs in naked Fields,
 Whose barren Shade no purple Cluster yields,

Prostrate on Earth, ne'er lifts its feeble Head,
 Its Body wither'd, and its Branches dead;
 No Husbandman the Tree, no careful Swain
 Will try to prune, 'twill make the Pruning vain.
 But if her Husband Elm its Succour join,
 And bear th' Embraces of the am'rous Vine,
 Soon will the rising Tree the Culture gain
 Of ev'ry Husbandman, of ev'ry Swain.
 O fly no more the longing Lover's Arms,
 To Him your Parents have resign'd your Charms:
 To these, obedient, your Compliance show,
 To these your Beauty, and your self you owe;
 Not all your own, fair Nymph, to them is due
 The greater Share of all your Charms, and You:
 Nor should you e'er to them rebellious prove,
 They in the happy Youth demand your Love.
 Faster, O *Hymen*, *Hymenæus*, move.

On a Watch-paper cut by a young Lady.

Long had I liv'd fair *Chloe's* Slave,
And with a fruitless Passion strove,
When fondly to the Nymph I gave
A Weapon, to dispatch my Love;
These Scissars, *Chloe*, of your Swain
Accept, said I, and ease my Pain.

Restore, Unkind, my foolish Heart,
Restore it to my widow'd Breast;
Too long I've bore the killing Smart,
Too long been destitute of Rest;
Take, *Chloe*, take this shining Steel,
And end that Love, You cannot feel.

The glitt'ring Gift the fair one took,
And strait the Engine wide extends,

With

With careless Air, and smiling Look,
Upon her snowy Fingers' Ends;
Then, pleas'd to shew her matchless Art,
In Paper cut a trembling Hart.

Amidst a shady silent Wood,
Form'd for the tim'rous Herd's Repose,
The stately Creature list'ning stood;
Beneath th' untasted Herbage rose;
With gentle Breezes bent the Grove,
The new Creation learn'd to move.

I saw; and ah! Dear Maid I cry'd,
Is This the Freedom I obtain?
That Gift in any Hand beside
Had loos'd a Captive from his Chain;
But, in Those Fingers plac'd, the Toy
Improves the Love, it should destroy.

A S O N G.

TH O', *Flavia*, to my warm Desire
You mean no kind Return;

Yet still with undiminish'd Fire
You wish to see me burn.

Averse my Anguish to remove,
You think it wond'rous right,
That I love on, for ever love ;
And You for ever flight.

But You and I shall ne'er agree,
So, Gentle Nymph! adieu ;
Since you no Pleasure have for Me,
I'll have no Pain for You.

The ELECTIONEER.

T Here once liv'd in Repute a substantial Free-
 [holder,
 No *Briton* on Earth could be braver or bolder,
 A Party-man staunch and resolv'd, tho' the Story
 Does not call him directly a Whig or a Tory.
 But the Reader, to this way, or that, as inclin'd,
 May his Party, perhaps, by his Honesty find.
 His Head was, still, full of the Law and the Right,
 So he never would bribe, but he sometimes wou'd fight.
 For when Mobs grew unruly he always stood bluff,
 And could play well at Foot-ball, a Kick and a Cuff.
 Our Patriot strait-lac'd was in that way of thinking,
 That no Bribe should go farther than Eating and
 [Drinking:
 So he kept open House for all Comers to feast,
 And made never a Knave, but made many a Beast;
 Tho' even in Drinking he kept a Decorum,
 [em.
 Men might do as they pleas'd with the Liquor before

He all under-hand Dealing and Tricking defy'd,
And was always a Thorn in his Enemy's Side.
He answer'd their Truth, and detected their Lies,
He their Bullies out-brav'd, and out-witted their Spies,
He made many a good, but despis'd a bad Vote,
And they never could pick any Hole in his Coat.
To avoid all Suspicion of Bribing and Largefs,
He was nobly determin'd to bear his own Charges.
So small his Discretion, so large his Affection,
That he dipp'd his whole Freehold Estate in Election,
He ev'ry Day went more and more down the Wind,
And his Party dropp'd off, as his Fortune declin'd.
His Enemies crow'd, and triumphantly swore
They wou'd stick on his Skirts, and pay off his old
From his Friends but a faint Commendation he got, ^{[Score.}
A well-meaning Man, but a little too hot.
He found small Effect of his Cost and his Pother,
When by One Side forsook, and oppress'd by the Other.

He ran upon Tick, while he Credit could meet,
And, the Bread he had squander'd, he wanted to eat.
'Till hard pinch'd and unable to fast any longer,
A Purse he attempted, to satisfy Hunger :

But was ta'en in the Fact, being raw at the Trade,
And before the next Justice that Instant convey'd.

The Member, against whose Election he stirr'd,
By the Dint of Demerit was gotten preferr'd ;
One, that all Sorts of Bus'ness went readily thorough,
And was chose by good Votes, but not those of the
One, who swore to his Friends he would never de-
[Borough.
[ceive em.
Yet, in their Distress, thought it prudent to leave'em,
Convinc'd, tho' be sure no Preferment he courted,
That a Ministry ought to be always supported.

In Commission of Peace a most notable Man,
In the first of King *George*, or the last of Queen *Anne*.
When his Foe, brought before him, the Magistrate
[spy'd,
Quoth his Worship, was this the best Man of his Side?

He,

He, that Virtue and Justice had still in his Eye,
 Whom no Army could fright, and no Treasury buy?
 These Upbraidings the Wretch in Misfortune provoke,
 Who reply'd, -- You Your Friendships and Promises
 Were forsworn, by Ambition and Avarice led, ^{[broke,}
 And I, when half-starv'd, would have robb'd for my ^{[Bread;}
 We are both Rogues, but if you'll allow me my Due,
 You must own, I'm the honefter Rogue of the two.

On a handsome Bar-keeper in a Cyder-Cellar.

I.

HOW dismal is *Cyderia's* Cell!
 What Damps bedew the Place!
 No Tap'stry here the ragged Walls,
 But pendant Cobwebs grace.

II. Instead

Miscellaneous Poems.

III

II.

Instead of Sconce, and glassy Show,
And *Indian* motly Forms,
We view th' Embroidery of Snails,
And Tracks of slimy Worms.

III.

Cold Sweats hang on the moisten'd Stones,
Droppings the Timber waste ;
Through unglaz'd Voids the busy Wind
Puffs in the chilling Blast.

IV.

Poets (and only They) can tell,
How Goddeses appear ,
For vulgar Souls would ne'er expect
To find a Goddes here.

V.

But Poets know, that furnish'd Rooms
Are for the Mortal Fair ;

None

None ever saw a Heav'nly Nymph
At Toilet, or in Chair.

VI.

But hollow Caves hung round with Moss,
That sigh with every Breeze,
And cool Retreats, by Nature form'd,
The lovely *Naiad* please.

VII.

Cyderia is of Race Divine
Or should at least be thought,
With Nymphs the gawdy Roof She shuns,
And wantons in a Grott.

To CHLOE.

I.

STill, *Chloe*, ply thy courtly Art,
Touch and retouch thy Face,
'Till the Cosmetick Pow'rs impart
A Bloom to ev'ry Grace.

II. Wh

II.

What, tho' the home-bred country Maid,
To modest Rules a Slave,
Disdains all use of White and Red,
But what plain Nature gave?

III.

Yet if to vie with Thee she dare,
Whoe'er the Umpire be,
He must be blind, or must refer
The Palm entire to Thee.

IV.

For whilst her aukward Cheeks display
Pale Rage or blushing Shame,
No Change thy steady Looks betray,
They always shine the same.



LOVE differently express'd.

WHEN lovely *Damon* first she spies,
His courtly Mein, and winning Grace,
Fond *Celia* checks her wand'ring Eyes,
And bids them fix on *Damon's* Face.

Not so young *Chloe's* are employ'd,
They, studious, bend a different way;
'Tis *Damon* only they avoid,
And unreserv'd o'er others stray.

But say, what Cause the Virgins moves
A Conduct so unlike to use?
One shuns his Looks, because She loves,
And One, because She loves, pursues.

*To a Lady on the DEATH of her only Child,
an Infant.*

AND is the lovely Shadow fled ?
Yet stop those fruitless Tears :
She from a thousand Pangs is freed,
You from ten thousand Fears.

Though lost, She's lost to Earth alone;
Above She will be found,
Amidst the Stars, and near the Throne,
Which Babes, like Her, surround.

Look upwards, and your Child you'll see
Fixt in her blest Abode ;
And who then would not Childless be,
To give a Child to God ?

The Dropsical Man.

A Jolly brave Toper, who cou'd not forbear
 (Tho' his Life was in Danger) old Port and
 Gave the Doctors the Hearing, but still would drink on,
 [stale Beer,
 'Till the Dropsy had swell'd him as big as a Tun.
 The more he took Physick the grosser he grew,
 Tapping now was the only last thing he could do :
 Seeing things at this pass, and the Surgeons come down,
 He began to consider --- So he sent for his Son.

Tom, see by what Courses I've shorten'd my Life,
 I'm leaving the World ere I'm forty and five!
 More than probable 'tis that in twenty four Hours,
 This Manor, this House, and Estate may be Yours:
 My early Excesses may teach you this Truth,
 'Tis working for Death to drink hard in your Youth.

Says *Tom*, who's a Lad of a Generous Spirit,
 Not like those young Rakes who're in haste to inherit,

Sir

Sir, don't be dishearten'd, altho' it be true
Th' Operation be painful, and hazardous too,
'Tis no more than what many a Man has gone thro',
Why not you? as for Years you may yet be call'd Young,
And your Life, after this, may be happy and long.

Don't flatter me, *Tom*, the Father replies,
With a Jest in his Mouth, and with Tears in his Eyes:
Too well by Experience my Vessels, thou know'st,
No sooner are tapt, but they give up the Ghost.

An E P I G R A M.

YOU dare not marry, Friend, you own,
For fear your Family should frown;
Why, Wedlock would your Freedom gain,
Which others uses to enchain:
Y' had better follow my Advice,
And marry once than marry twice;
Betwixt your Sister, and your Brother,
Husband to one, and Wife to t'other.

The

A HERMIT's Meditation.

I.

IN lonesome Cave,
Of Noise and Interruption void,
His thoughtful Solitude
A Hermit thus enjoy'd.

II.

His choicest Book,
The Remnant of a Human Head,
The Volume was, whence He
This solemn Lecture read.

III.

Whoe'er thou wert,
Partner of my Retirement now,
My nearest Intimate,
My best Companion Thou.

IV. On

IV.

On Thee to muse
The busie Living World I left;
Of Converse all but Thine,
And silent That, bereft.

V.

Wert Thou the Rich,
The Idol of a gazing Crowd?
Wert Thou the Great, to whom
Obsequious Thousands bow'd?

VI.

Was Learning's Stone
E'er treasur'd up within this Shell?
Did Wisdom e'er within
This empty Hollow dwell?

VII.

Did youthful Charms
E'er redden on this ghastly Face?

Did Beauty's Bloom, these Cheeks,
This Forehead ever grace?

VIII.

If on this Brow
E'er sate the Scornful Haughty Frown,
Deceitful Pride ! where now
Is that Disdain ? -- 'tis gone.

IX.

If chearful Mirth
A Gayness o'er this Baldness cast,
Delusive fleeting Joy !
Where is it now ? -- 'tis past.

X.

To deck this Scalp
If tedious long-liv'd Hours it cost,
Vain fruitless Toil ! where's now
That Labour seen ? -- 'tis lost.

XI. But

XI.

But painful Sweat,
The dear-earn'd Price of daily Bread,
Was all, perhaps, that Thee
With hungry Sorrows fed,

XII.

Perhaps, but Tears,
Surest Relief of heart-sick Woe,
Thine only Drink, from down
These Sockets us'd to flow.

XIII.

Oppress'd, perhaps,
With Aches and with aged Cares,
Down to the Grave thou brought'st
A few and hoary Hairs.

XIV.

'Tis all Perhaps!
No Marks, no Token can I trace,

What,

What, on the Stage of Life,
Thy Rank or Station was.

XV.

Nameless, unknown!
Of all Distinction stript and bare,
In Nakedness conceal'd,
Oh, who shall Thee declare!

XVI.

Nameless, unknown!
Yet fit Companion Thou for me,
Who hear no Human Voice,
No living Visage see.

XVII.

From me, from Thee,
The Glories of the World are gone;
Nor yet have either lost
Ought we could call our own.

XVIII. What

XVIII.

What we are now,
The Great, the Wise, the Fair, the Brave,
Shall all hereafter be,
All Hermits in the Grave.

On a Person who uses to direct his Letters in Rhyme.

HAL, who to All a Poet would appear,
In Metre supercribes, and rhymes to Shire.
Hence Market Towns th' o'erflowing Genius tell,
And Posts, transported, wonder as they spell.
Who dares deny a Fame establish'd thus,
When every Post-horse proves a *Pegasus*?
The Rhyme suffices on the Outside seen,
No Mortal in his Wits would look within.

EPI TAPH on the Monument of the Honourable ROBERT DIGBY, and of his Sister the Honourable MARY DIGBY, in the Church of Sherborne in Dorsetshire, erected by their Father the Lord DIGBY.

GO! fair Example of untainted Youth,
Of modest Wisdom, and pacific Truth ;
Just of thy Word, and in each Thought sincere,
Who knew no Wish but what the World might hear;
Of softest Manners, unaffected Mind,
Lover of Peace, and Friend of Human kind,
Go! live, for Heav'n's eternal Year is thine ;
Go! and exalt thy Moral to Divine.

And Thou, blest Maid, Attendant on his Doom,
Pensive hast follow'd to the silent Tomb ;
Took the same Course to the same quiet Shore,
Not parted long, and now to part no more.
Go then, where only Bliss sincere is known !
Go, where to love and to enjoy are one !

Rejoin,

Yet take these Tears, Mortality's Relief,
And 'till we share your Joys forgive our Grief;
These little Rites, a Stone and Verse, receive,
'Tis all a Father, all a Friend can give.

An ODE on CHRISTMAS-DAY.

I.

WHat means this sudden Change, this beau-
[teous Scene!
The Earth all chearful, all the Sky serene!

What unknown Star leads on the Day

Sure Nature never look'd so gay!

Around what Wonders strike my Eyes!

Methinks, I see a new Creation rise!

On Rocks the fragrant Roses blow,

Streams in the thirsty Deserts flow,

And Plenty crown the barren Mountain's Brow.

Hark!

Hark! a glad Voice salutes my ravish'd Ears,
Throw off your Grief, dispel your Fears,
The God, the God appears!
He comes adorn'd with ev'ry Grace,
Peace smiles upon his Brows, and opens in his Face.

II.

Not so he look'd, when he o'erthrew
Proud Satan's Race (a rebel Crew!)
Who durst Omnipotence defy;
When arm'd with ten-fold Wrath he came,
Scatter'd Confusion, Horror, Shame,
And hurl'd 'em headlong from the Sky.
In milder sort diffusing Joy,
He comes to save, and not destroy,
He bears not now that awful Mein,
But amongst Men a Mortal he is seen.
A Virgin's Womb the sacred Burthen bore,
And infant Weakness seems to hide his Pow'r.

III. Hence

III.

Henceforth, loud War, be still, Confusion cease,
Know, He's the God of Order and of Peace.

Now let new Motions warm each Breast,

Enter each mild, each heav'nly Guest:

Be here, as in the Realms above,

All Joy, and Harmony, and Love.

Hence to your native Hell repair,

Pale Envy, mad Revenge, and black Despair.

But oh! for ever near be found,

Shedding your sacred Influence round,

Hope, ever-blooming; Faith, of dauntless Eye,

And joyn your lovely Sister, Charity!

So shall unnumber'd Blessings rise,

And make this World a second *Paradise*.

Yet higher still may soar our tow'ring Mind,

Leaving this Earth, and other Worlds behind;

He

He treads the Path to Heav'n's eternal Day,
And bids us follow, where He leads the Way.

Oh happy we of mortal Birth,

To whom such Mercy's giv'n.

Lo God Himself comes down to Earth

To lift us up to Heav'n!

*The 9th, 10th, 11th, and 12th Verses of the
Ninetieth Psalm Paraphras'd.*

I.

When Sins mature so far prevail,
As to invite thy Vengeance down,
Our Days, O God, are like a Tale,
Or, as an empty Shadow, gone.

II.

How Short, alas! the Longest Lives!

How very Short the Age of Man!

To sev'nty Years if he arrives,

Ev'n sev'nty Years are but a Span.

III. Some

III.

Some, by the Dint of inborn Strength,

A little farther yet may go ;

But what avails this added Length ?

'Tis only added Length of Woe.

IV.

Yet, who enough Thy Pow'r reveres ?

Who rightly dreads the Wrath to come ?

For what is all, the Sinner fears,

Compar'd to Everlasting Doom ?

V.

Then lead us in thy sacred Way,

Thou God of Love, as God of Pow'r,

Teach us thy mighty Truths to weigh,

And meditate our Dying Hour !

VI.

So shall our Thoughts, on Wisdom bent,

Prepare us for avoidless Fate ;

Still pleas'd to Live, to Die content,
Or Near, or Distant be our Date.

HORACE, Book II. Ode X.

I.

TO steer thy Life the surest way,
Trust not too far the smiling Sea;
Nor, when the Waves tumultuous roar,
Too cautious press the faithless Shore.

II.

He, who prefers the Golden Mean,
Safely enjoys himself, between
The poor Man's slighted loathsome State,
And envied Splendour of the Great.

III.

The stately Pine is still the Aim
Of the Wind's Rage, and Lightning's Flame;

The

The loftier rais'd the pillar'd Tow'r,
The sooner falls, and falls the low'r.

IV.

The virtuous Soul with Hopes will bear
Fortune's Assaults, when most severe ;
Is then to prudent Fears inclin'd,
When Fortune's most profusely kind.

V.

Jove, who sends Winter's angry Stores,
Will send warm Suns and Vernal Show'rs ;
If ill, it will not long be so ;
Apollo's Lyre succeeds his Bow.

VI.

When Thou'rt oppress'd with adverse Fate,
Be bold, and rise against the Weight ;
When carry'd by too prosp'rous Gales,
Be wise, and furl thy swelling Sails,

On a LADY leaving the Town.

I.

Regardless of the Woods and Streams,
While *Nivia* decks the Town ;
Pleas'd, yet unconscious of our Flames,
We view the Maid our own.

II.

But see, as to her native Shades
The lovely Nymph returns,
A quick Alarm each Soul invades ;
And ev'ry Bosom burns !

III.

While *Nivia* stay'd, 'twas but Esteem,
But now She goes, 'tis Love ;
The Sun in Sight, so still are dim
The num'rous Orbs above:

IV. But

IV.

But when, the nether World to grace,
His glorious Beams retire,
Ten thousand Stars around us blaze,
And all the Sky's on Fire.

From a Hint in the Minor Poets.

NO; not for Those of Women born,
Not so unlike the Die is cast;
For, after all our Vaunt and Scorn,
How very small the Odds at last!

Him, rais'd to Fortune's utmost Top,
With Him beneath her Feet compare;
And One has Nothing more to hope,
And One has Nothing more to fear.

An EPIGRAM

On the DEATH of a PHYSICIAN,

From the Greek of Theosebia.

TWice, when *Hippocrates* and *Galen* dy'd,
 The Art of Physick, mourning, tore her Hair;
 Now weeps in Marble at *Ablabius'* Side,
 Asham'd with Mortals longer to appear.

On the DEATH of Dr. FRIEND.

From the former.

WHen *Radcliffe* fell, afflicted Physick cry'd,
 How vain my Pow'r! and languish'd at his
 [Side.
 When *Friend* expir'd, deep-struck, her Hair she tore,
 And speechless fainted, and reviv'd no more.
 Her flowing Grief no farther could extend,
 She mourns with *Radcliffe*, but she dies with *Friend*.

CUPID

C U P I D *Punish'd.* From Ausonius.

I N Fields below, by *Maro's* Muse display'd,
Where Myrtles rise to airy Ghosts a Shade,
There mourn the Fair, that from the Realms above
Descend the Victims of tyrannic Love;
For ever there with antient Rage they glow,
Indulge their Flames, and re-enjoy their Woe.

Through gloomy Light, that just betrays the Grove,
Confus'd and wild the Nymphs and Heroines rove,
Brush through the Reeds, and o'er the Poppies sweep,
That nodding bend beneath their Load of Sleep,
By Lakes subsiding with an easy Face,
By Rivers stealing with a silent Pace,
Where Kings and Swains, by antient Authors sung,
Now chang'd to Flourets, o'er the Margin hung.
As once of old, the white *Narcissus* now
Pines o'er the Stream, his Picture pines below.

In Bells of Azure *Hyacinthus* rose,
In Crimfon painted young *Adonis* glows.
The fragrant *Crocus* shines with golden Flame,
And Leaves lament, inscrib'd with *Ajax*' Name.

A sad Remembrance brings their Lives to View,
And with their Passions wakes their Tears anew,
Unwinds the Years, and lays the former Scene,
Where, after Death, they live for Deaths agen.

Deluded *Semele* bewails her Fate,
Lost by the Glories of her Lover's State ;
Involv'd in Flames she scow'rs along the Shore,
And fans the Light'nings, that consume no more,
The lovely *Cænis*, whose transforming Shape
Secur'd her Honour from a second Rape,
Now moans the first, with ruffled Garb appears,
Feels her whole Sex return, and melts in Tears.
The jealous *Procris* wipes a seeming Wound,
Whose trickling Crimfon dyes the bushy Ground,

Deplores

Deplores th' unerring Shaft, and fondly calls
 To kiss the fav'rite Hand, by which she falls.
 O'er well-dissembled Waves the *Sestian* Fair
 Holds forth a Taper from a Tow'r of Air ;
 A breathless Wind assaults the wav'ring Light,
 The Damsel, tumbling, mingles with the Night.
 Where curling Shades for rough *Leucates* rose,
 With Love distracted, tuneful *Sappho* goes,
 Sings to mock Cliffs a melancholy Lay,
 And, with a Lover's Leap, affrights the Sea.
 Sad *Eriphyle* here retreats to moan
 What wrought her Husband's Death, and caus'd her
 Surveys the glitt'ring Gift, the Bribe of Fate, ^{[own;}
 And tears the Shadow ; but she tears too late.
 Here Three, that brand the Royal House of *Crete*,
 In thin Design and airy Picture fleet:
 To court a Bull the mad *Pasiphae* flies,
 A snowy Phantome feeds before her Eyes ;

Deserted

Deserted *Ariadne* walks the Shore,
 And still unwinding trails the Thread she bore;
 Distracted *Phædra* seeks the lonely Groves,
 And reads her guilty Letter, as she roves :
 Red Shame confounds the first, the second wears
 A starry Crown, the third a Halter bears.
Laodamia mourns her Nuptial Night,
 Of Love defrauded by the Thirst of Fight,
 Yet for another as Delusive cries,
 And dauntless sees her Heroe's Ghost arise.
 There *Thisbe*, *Canace*, and *Dido* stand,
 All arm'd with Swords, a fair but angry Band ;
 This Sword a Lover's, That a Sire's unkind,
 The Third a fatal Stranger left behind.
 Ev'n *Phebe* there was seen amidst the Train,
 As when for *Latmos* she forsook the Plain,
 To steal the Kisses of a slumb'ring Swain ;

Around

Around her Head a starry Fillet twines,
And on her Front a silver Crescent shines.
These, and a Thousand, and a Thousand more,
With sacred Rage recall the Pangs they bore,
Strike the deep Dart afresh, and sigh, and faint,
And sooth each Anguish with a soft Complaint.

O'er these Abodes, regardless of his Way,
The Son of *Venus* blindly chanc'd to stray,
Through long Descents he fans the Fogs around,
And, as he flies, his purple Wings resound.
The frantick Beauties now around him press,
Pleas'd to behold the Troubler of their Peace:
And tho' dull Mists and dubious Day destroy
The fine Appearance of the gawdy Boy,
Hide all the Pomp, that glitters at his Side,
The golden Belt, the Clasp, and Quiver hide;
And tho' the Torch appear a Gleam of White,
That burning faintly spots the hazy Night,

Yet

Yet still they know the Boy, the Common Foe,
And threat'ning lift their airy Arms below.
As mindless of their Rage he slowly sails,
On Pinions cumber'd in the misty Vales,
Ah Fool to light! the Nymphs no more obey,
Nor was this Region ever His to sway:
Instant they form a Ring upon the Plain,
And seize the God, reluctant all in vain.

From hence they lead him where a Myrtle stood,
The Tree most noted in the mournful Wood,
Devote to vex the Gods; To this before
Hell's awful Empress young *Adonis* bore,
When the fair Hunter scorn'd her graver Air,
And only *Venus* warm'd his Shadow there.

Fast to the Trunk the tender Boy they bind,
His Feet they tie beneath, his Hands behind.
He mourns, but vainly mourns his angry Fate,
For Beauty scarce relents, if Beauty hate.

Tho' no Offence be done, no Judge be nigh,
Love must be guilty by the gen'ral Cry;
For each is pleas'd, by partial Passion led,
To shift her Follies on another's Head.

Now, sharp Reproaches ring their shrill Alarms,
And all the Heroines brandish all their Arms,
'Tis each one's Law, by pleasing Vengeance lur'd,
That Love endure, what She from Love endur'd.
To fix the desp'rate Halter One essay'd,
One seeks to wound him with a shadowy Blade,
One headlong hangs the nodding Rock of Air,
He falls in Fancy, and he feels Despair.
Some tofs their empty Seas around his Head;
The Seas, that want a Wave, afford a Dread.
Some shake the Torch, the sparkling Fury flies,
And Flames, that burn not, flash before his Eyes.
The mournful *Myrrha* bursts her rinded Womb,
And quite o'erwhelms him with the moist Perfume.

Some,

Some, in whose Breasts sedater Mischiefs reign,
With Glee and Humour bid to urge his Pain,
Bid pointed Bodkins teach the Blood to flow,
Whence crimson Roses first began to glow ;
Or, when th' afflicting Torch resumes its Turn,
To chuse with sly Conceit the Place to burn.

See lovely *Venus* with a bleeding Breast !
Ev'n She, determin'd, through th' Assembly prest.
Forgot the Mother, urg'd his instant Fate,
And furious glow'd with more than mortal Hate;
O'er all her Scenes of Frailty swift she runs,
Herself absolves, and calls each Crime her Son's.
'Twas His, that chain'd with *Mars* she chanc'd to lye
A noted Fable of the laughing Sky ;
That from her Love's intemp'rate Heat began
Sicanian Eryx, once a savage Man,
Obscene *Priapus*, and the Monster Wight,
In whom both Sexes, void of Shame, unite.

Nor Words suffice the bright celestial Fair,
She tears the rosy Chaplet from her Hair,
Then on the God, who fear'd a fiercer Woe,
With Hands unpitying deals the frequent Blow.

Now round his tender Sides the Lashes flew,
Now trickled down those Sides the Crimson Dew;
The blushing Rose, by *Cupid* ting'd before,
Thus doubly ting'd a double Lustre wore.

Here melt the Nymphs; the Parent too severe!
Unfit those Strokes for little Love to bear!
Tumultuous now to save their Foe they fly,
And, spare, O cruel, spare thy Child, they cry!
To Love's Account we plac'd our Woes of late,
But wrongly plac'd; they sprung from angry Fate.
The Goddess pleas'd, beheld the Storm assuage,
Thank'd the kind *Heroines*, and dismiss'd her Rage.
Thus Fancy once in dusky Shade express'd,
(While empty Terrors fill'd the Hours of Rest)

How

How wretched Love endur'd a world of Woe;
 For all a Winter's Length of Night below ;
 Then soar'd, as Sleep dissolv'd, unchain'd away,
 And through the Port of Iv'ry reach'd the Day.

To CELIA.

MAY She, that shall my Heart surprize,
 And sway my yielding Breast,
 Be generous, lovely, good and wise,
 To make her Lover blest !

Be all that Story can repeat
 Of Nymphs divinely true ;
 Or, *Celia*, which is more compleat,
 Be ev'ry Way like You.



Wrote at Ocriculum in Italy.

DE EP in a Defart solitary, wild,
Pathless of human Foot, with Brakes perplex;
Among recumbent, moulder'd, hoar Remains
Of once a City populous and proud !
Long I reclin'd, and with laborious Hand
Figur'd in Picture, of the solemn Scene
The gloomy Image ; studious to excel,
Of Fame ambitious. When, at purple Eve
Her Shade extending o'er the nodding Tow'rs,
As long Fatigue oppress'd the droused Sense,
Up-rose before the Eye, or awful stood
To inward Vision in the mental Sight,
The Semblance of a Seer ; his open Brow
Calm Wisdom smooth'd ; a Veil of snowy white
Hung on his silver Hairs ; his Form erect
A Robe impurpled wrapt, in comely Folds

Amplly declining; to me full he turn'd
With out-rais'd Arm his Aspect; Eloquence
Spoke in the graceful Act, and usher'd these
In Numbers solemn — Painful is thy Toil,
Obscure and tedious; know'st thou aught of Life,
Its Days and Seasons? canst thou thus extend
Thy Term of Youth? or shall thy Sum of Years
Be with thy Labours told? Vain Man, ev'n now
The Step of Time is at thy Heels, and Thee,
With these thy mimick Works, a little hence,
Will humble to the Dust; for round, behold,
To Age corrosive all submit their Forms;
The *Parian* Statue, and the brazen Bust,
The Dome superb, and Column, of huge Size
Prone on the Ground, beneath the wand'ring Weed
And shall the tender Light and Shade survive
In the depictur'd Tablet? of yon Tomb
Deep sunk in Earth, with mouldring Sculpture grac'd

Observe

Observe the proud Inscription, how it bears
But half a Tale; or turn thy curious Eye
To yonder Obelisk in antient Days
By Earthquake fall'n, an Acre in Extent,
Thebaic Stone, from Waste ev'n yet secure,
With Hieroglyphic learn'd inwrought; but all
With vain Intent, where Nations pass away,
Where Language dies. And now the Veil of Night
Sables the Vault of Heav'n; the Busy now
Retire to Rest with these the bitter Fruits
Of their mistaken Labours, Care, and Pain,
And Weariness, and Sicknefs, and Decay;
Such as To-morrow shall their Portion be,
To-morrow, and To-morrow: Wretched Man!
Were it not better in the Arms of Ease
To lie supine? or give the Soul a Loose,
And frolic join in Song and riant Dance,
The Sons of Luxury? O yet beware,

The Sound avoid, as did, in Fable old,
Laertes' Son on *Sylla's* baleful Coast
The *Syren's* Incantations : there remains
Another Path, nor all things Folly deem ;
But with slow humble Step fair Truth explore,
Learn what her Laws ordain ; And first thy self
Assay to know ; how little truly thine
Is thy corporeal ! how thou shalt survive
(When that frail Part dissolves to formless Earth)
Ages of endless Time ! Still higher rise
To the Supreme of Things, how'er no Eye
Th' immediate Beam endures ; yet as the Sun
In Ocean's Wave, so by Reflection mild
Him in his Works behold ; how beauteous All !
How perfect each in its peculiar State !
How therefore wise, how just, how gracious He !
As far as Nature weak may imitate,
So be thou just and wise, and fill thy Life

With

With Deeds of Goodness; not in trivial Acts
Attemper'd to short Pomp, the Praise of Men
Vain-seeking; but, contented, humble, meek,
Humane and chearful, thou, with pious Care,
(In due Regard to thy contingent State)
Weigh what may best be done, and what forbore,
Thus shall thy Name possess the boundless Skies,
Of all good Beings ever known and lov'd;
Thus shalt thou taste the Bliss they seek on Earth,
Vainly they seek on Earth, unspotted Fame,
Untroubled Joy, and frequent Ecstasie,
Thro' blest Eternity, in Visions fair,
Beyond whate'er Mortality conceives.



*On Monsieur Thomas's drawing Teeth gratis
upon the Birth of the Dauphin.*

WHilst Mirth and Triumphs unrestrain'd
The general Voice employ,
And each good *Frenchman* through the Land
Runs raving mad for Joy;

Thee, *Monsieur Thomas*, all must own
Superior to the rest,
And praise thy Zeal so aptly shown,
So skilfully address.

What could'st thou compliment more rare
The mighty *Lewis* with,
Than, for the Honour of his Heir,
To draw his Subjects' Teeth?

To a Lady, upon turning her Cheek.

I.

THE God of Love severely frown'd,
When *Cynthia* turn'd her Cheek ;
See how, says he, these modern Fair,
With an affected scornful Air,
Love's antient Charter break!

II.

Cheeks are cold things, that distant charm ;
Strange Pride or Ign'rance this !
Who can forgive the Lady's Fault,
When even smiling Babes, untaught,
Know how, and what to kiss.

III.

Cynthia, your Cheeks their Guilt confess,
And know themselves to blame ;

Blushing they own th' unlawful Touch,
While pouting Lips resent as much
The Breach of antient Claim.

IV.

One thing indeed, and only That,
Can the rude Nymph excuse,
By boldly turning Cheek, she shows,
She has no artificial Rose,
Or Dawb of Paint to lose.

V.

But we'll have no new Laws in Love,
Love always be the same;
Lips must their Kindred Lips carefs,
What Joys, when mutually they press,
Joys unallay'd with Shame!

VI.

Model the State, if you think fit,
The Church of Priest-craft rid,

New Fav'rites make, or Old dismiss;
But grant us still to love and kifs,
As our Fore-fathers did.

From M A R T I A L.

Nunquam me revocas, &c.

TH O' oft your Company I crave
(With you it is but ask and have)

Yet no Return I find ;

So far 'tis well : but when I view

Others invited oft by you,

I cannot take it kind.

In short, dear Friend, We're both to blame,

I have no Sense, and You no Shame.

Ad GRILLUM.

ANACREONTICUM.

I.

O *Qui meæ culinæ*
Argutulus Choraules,
Et Hospes es canorus,
Quacunque commorêris,
Felicitatis omen ;
Jucundiore cantu
Siquando me salutes,
Et ipse te rependam,
Et ipse, quâ valebo,
Remunerabo Musâ.

II.

Dicêris innocensque
Et gratus inquilinus ;
Nec visitans rapinis,
Ut sorices voraces,

The C R I C K E T.

AN ANACREONTICK.

I.

O My little Kitchineer,
Welcome, pleasing Sonneteer!
Wherefoe'er thou deign'st to dwell,
Pledge that all Things will be well!
If with merrier, brisker Cheer,
Thou salute thy Landlord's Ear,
I too, I, the best I may,
Will to Thee both sing and play;
I'll return the kind Salute,
And repay Thee with my Flute.

II.

I'll thy Innocence proclaim,
Inmate Thou of honest Fame;
Nor like Rats, rapacious Brood,
Ever hunting after Food;

Nor

Muresve curiosi,
Furumque delicatum
Vulgus domesticorum ;
Sed tutus in camini
Recessibus, quiete
Contentus & calore.

III.

Beatior cicadâ,
Quæ te referre formâ,
Quæ voce te videtur ;
Et, saltitans per herbas,
Unius, haud secundæ,
Æstatis est Chorista :
Tu carmen integratum
Reponis ad Decembrem,
Latus per universum
Incontinenter annum.

Nor as Mice, for Flesh or Fish,
With thy Nose in every Dish.
Thou with Sharpers tak'st no Part,
No domestick Vermin art;
Safe and snug in Chimney-Chink,
Warmth and Ease thy Meat and Drink.

III.

Better-fated thou by far
Than thy Brother Grasshopper ;
Merry He, but ah how long !
'Tis but one short Summer's Song.
Nimble He, but (transient Chance !)
'Tis but one short Summer's Dance.
Not so Thou ; for thou art merry
Quite from *June* to *January* ;
Sweet again goes round thy Tune
From *January* back to *June*.

IV. Thee

IV.

Te nulla Lux relinquit,
Te nulla Nox revisit
Non Musicæ vacantem,
Curisve non solutum:
Quin amplius canendo,
Quin amplius fruendo
Ætatulam, vel omni,
Quam nos Homunciones
Absumimus querendo,
Ætate longiorem.

De S. Lucâ Evangelistâ & Medico.

Luca Evangelii & Medicinæ munera pandit,
Artibus hinc, illinc Religione valens;
Utilis iste labor per quem vixere tot ægri,
Utilior per quem tot didicere mori.



IV.

Thee we're sure to find, return
Morn or Night, or Night or Morn,
Thee we're ever sure to find
Free from Care, to Mirth inclin'd.
Ever chearful, ever gay,
Thy each Minute proves a Day.
While poor We prolong our Pain,
While we live but to complain,
Sure thy few, but gladsome Hours
More than match an Age of ours.

Of St. Luke the Evangelist and Physician.

LUKE, learn'd in Arts, and by the Spirit led,
In Phyfick labour'd, and the Gospel fspread ;
What Work with that of faving Lives could vye,
But That more blest, by which he taught to die?

*On a LADY's falling on her Knee against
a Stone.*

O FT Pious Monks from musty Legends tell,
Where female Saints once trod, or prostrate
With awful Rev'rence there we wond'ring see [fell;
The tender Foot imprest, or bended Knee ;
The sacred Marks to ev'ry Pilgrim shown
Confess the Pow'r, that stamp't the conscious Stone.
But, *Cynthia*, though (too well we know) you are
Chaste as those Saints, and to our Cost, as fair,
You leave no Pressure on the stubborn Flint,
The senseless Stone receives no hallow'd Print.
Admonish'd hence, fair Nymph, your Pride give o'er,
Nor rate too high those Charms your Slaves adore ;
Oft have we told our Grievs, and humbly kneel'd,
But to no Force that stubborn Breast would yield ;
A Fate like ours in this Event you find ;
Falling You kneel, and leave no Print behind.

On the Right Honourable the

E A R L of D A N B Y,

(Now Lord Marquis of C A R M A R T H E N)
being ill of the Small-Pox.

Imitated from the Greek of St. Gregory Nazianzen.

I.

'TIS He, Ye learned Nine, 'tis He!

Th' affrighted Graces cry,

On yon sick Bed young Osborne see,

Our common Darling, lye!

II.

To blast the Work of Hands Divine

Say whence this impious Rage?

Why faints the Youth we form'd to shine

The Glory of his Age?

III.

To Them the Muses; Hard alas!

But what if envious Fate,

What if it grudge the Human Race
An Ornament so great ?

IV.

Then (Life or Death be *Osborne's* Share)
Like Him, to tempt our Pain,
Like Him, fair Sisters, let us swear
To form no Youth again.

E P I T A P H *from the Greek.*

A Ccept this Tomb, Dear Friend of mine,
Of mighty Love the little Sign,
Love, which my Heart can ne'er forego!
Do Thou remember Me below;
If Friendship Privilege may take,
O! drink no *Lethe* for my Sake.

On M I R A 's Birth-day.

I.

THOU Sun, with all thy Lustre rise,
And bleſs my waking *Mira's* Eyes,
Spread all thy Glories to adorn
The happy Day, when ſhe was born :
For ſure thou never yet haſt known
A Beauty nearer to thy own,

II.

Thou Earth, put on thy beſt Array,
To welcome this auspicious Day,
Bid all thy choiceſt Flow'rs prepare
A Wreath to bind my *Mira's* Hair;
'Midſt all thy Flow'rs there cannot be
One half ſo ſweet and fair as ſhe.



H A M P T O N - G A Y.

FANCY, sprightly Nymph, whose Dress
Shines with Colours numberless,
More than stain the heav'nly Bow,
More than glitt'ring Dew-drops show
In early Dawn; yet ever new,
Ever changes to the View;
Take thy Wings, and come away,
Such a Scene forbids thy Stay,
Such a Scene as never yet
Before thy ravish'd Eyes was set!
Tho' o'er Field, and Air, and Wood,
Over Hill, and over Flood,
Wandring light, and unconfin'd,
Thou leav'st the panting Storm behind.

Far away, ye airy Train,
Natives of the Poet's Brain;

Sister Nine, suppos'd to tread

Cold *Parnassus*' aged Head:

Airy Train, be far away,

Guide my undissembly Lay,

Parent Nature; thou whose Smile

Ever glads the grateful Soil:

Genuine all, all real be,

" Truth transcending Poetry!

Draw the envious Veil aside;

See, the Garden opens wide

Her well-chose Stores! the pensive Yew,

Clad in Robes of deepest Hue,

Here salutes us, taught to stand

Obedient to the Artist's Hand.

Fruit-Trees there in gay Attire,

Gift of Spring's returning Fire,

Bloom luxuriant, proud to bear

Promise of a plenteous Year.

Why, ye flutt'ring airy Throng,
Joyous the fair Leaves among,
Shrowd Ye your painted Heads, and pay
Thanks in your sweetest warbled Lay?
Oft the soothing Tale repeat,
And praise the Hospitable Seat?
Should one chilling, fatal Hour
Blast the blooming Plant, no more
The flatt'ring Parasites appear,
No more the soothing Tale we hear;
No more the gaudy Tribe we see.
Droops the Solitary Tree.

Along th' embroider'd Banks I stray,
Damask'd o'er with rich Array:
Primrose, whose pale Leaves first bring
Tidings of approaching Spring.
Cowslips, faintly-sweet, that love
The Sunny Mead; the shady Grove

Screen'd

Screen'd the Violet's tender Head,
 Ere plac'd in *Hampton's* sweeter Shade.
 Tulip, rich in varied Show,
 Rival of the show'ry Bow ;
 Proud *Narcissus*, bold to vye
 Ev'n with the Lilly's snowy Dye.
 Lilly, not alone design'd
 To please the Eye ; but chear the Mind ;
 Fragrant Lilly, yield to none,
 Or yield to the Junquil alone :
 Junquil, alone unequal'd reign
 Monarch of *Maia's* flow'ry Train.

What has Nature's ceaseless Care
 Form'd so sweet, so gay, so fair?
 Scarce so fair the dawning Day,
 Scarce so soon it fades away :
 Yet shall sure-returning Spring
 Their reviving Glories bring.

Mourn, Ye wretched Sons of Men,
Your more transitory Scene;
When your with'ring Charms are gone,
Vainly shines the vernal Sun.

Hail, Ye happy Sons of Men,
Your untransitory Scene!
When your reviving Seeds shall rise,
In the Garden of the Skies,
Never shall their Bloom decay,
Ever sweet, and fair, and gay,
Winter here retains no Pow'r,
Time and Death are now no more!

Oft with amusing Thoughts like these,
Wandering, where the friendly Trees
Joyn umbrageous, and defy
Mounted *Titan's* piercing Eye;
Now I mark the chequer'd Glade,
Mingling Streaks of Light and Shade;

Or catch the floating Sweets, that from
The Orchard's swelling Bosom come,
Deck'd with brighter Gems than shade,
The *Indian* Monarch's sparkling Head:
Cowslip, in pale Gold array'd;
Lilly, in silver Mantle clad;
Azure Lilac, yet unfung;
Violet, Theme of every Tongue.
Now, in fixt Attention still,
I listen to the Blackbird shrill,
Temper'd by the softer Note
Of the gay Linnet's tuneful Throat:
Or listen to the neighb'ring Flood,
That, embrac'd by waving Wood,
Slow, unwilling travels on
To leave the blissful Soil so soon;
Whispers to th' inclining Grove,
And murm'ring tells her Tales of Love,

Of

Oft when *Zephyr's* wanton Play
Speaks the calm descending Day;
Over the smooth-shaven Grass
Musing, softly, sad I pass
To the Mount's aspiring Plain,
Rear'd above the Level Green;
Far as tallest Lillies rise,
To pour their Odours thro' the Skies.

Envious Woodbine, cease to spread
Thy flow'ry Branches round my Head;
Instant the turgid Buds repell,
Let them strive, and press, and swell,
Never can their Charms repay
Thousands their Shade wou'd take away;
The sloping Grass, the even Flood,
The Banks embrown'd by verdant Wood,
The painted Mead, whose modest Side
Shrubs from the rude Sun-beams hide;

The

The Fields with springing Corn that smile ;
The Hill that mocks the Tiller's Toil ;
(The Cottage on whose yellow Brow
O'erlooks the various Scene below)
These, tho' but Part of what I see,
Cool and fragrant tho' Thou be,
Woodbine, who would lose for Thee ?

Haste, my Feet, ere parting Light
Veil the Lawns in fable Night ;
Where the tall Elm in shady Rows,
Long extended Arbor, grows ;
Where the low Meadow's spotted Hue
Glows with yellow, white, and blue ;
Where the River glides between,
Skirted round with lively Green.
Wreaths of deeper Dye bespread,
Yon fair Hill's aerial Head.

There

There the Monarch Oak appears,
Son of thrice an hundred Years :
There round their Chief a lowly Band
Mixt in gay Confusion stand,
Part reach their pious Arms, to shade
The sacred Ashes of the Dead ;
Part on the Mount's steep Forehead grow,
Nodding o'er the Waves below.
Here too *Cherwell* rolls his Tide,
Bending Willows crown his Side;
Willow, inglorious, hapless Tree,
Doom'd to waisting Flames a Prey ;
Fond of the sequester'd Vale,
Ever languid, ever pale ;
Far from me thy Branch remove,
Emblem fit for luckless Love !

Nature, why dost thou bestow
Here thy sweetly-varied Show ?

Why,

Why, in this luxuriant Clime,
Wanton as in thy early Prime?
Why, profuse of Sweets, out-pour
All thy long-collected Store?
All that breathe in verdant Spring,
All that yellow Summers bring,
All that purple *Autumn's* Wing?
Vale, and Hill with tow'ring Head,
Tufted Lawn, and even Mead,
Fields with Infant Corn that teem,
Peaceful, thought-inviting Stream,
Trees that smile, for Ages gay,
Flow'rs the Glory of a Day;
Untaught Minstrels, whose soft Song
Ever floats the Shades among:
In these luxuriant Climes, if e'er,
Vain the Labour will appear;
Spare the Rest—for *Celia's* here!

*On the Sign of Sir JOHN FALSTAFF,
at CHAIRING CROSS.*

AH hah! old Man of Mettle, art thou there?
 Plump *Jack* resplendent in thy proper
 Still true and trusty, tho' thou drink'st no more, [Sphere!
 Still spite of Fate thou'lt guard the Tavern Door;
 In all the Ensigns of thy State display'd,
 Thy Jolly Bumper, and thy trenchant Blade!
 Who views that Sword, and dares withhold his Chink?
 Who views that Glass, and does not wish to drink?
 Look up, my Masters, it needs no explaining,
 How much that portly Paunch must cost maintain-
 No Flincher He! He never balk'd his Quart, [ing!
 And lov'd a fav'ry Capon at his Heart.
 Of nicest Eating, and of choicest Wine
 What can be, if Sir JOHN is not, the Sign?

TO CHEARFULNESS.

FAIR as the dawning Light! auspicious Guest!
Source of all Comfort to the human Breast!
Depriv'd of Thee, in sad Despair we moan,
And tedious roll the heavy Minutes on.
Though beauteous Objects all around us rise
To charm the Fancy, and delight the Eyes;
Though Art's fair Works and Nature's Gifts conspire
To please each Sense, and satiate each Desire,
'Tis joyless all—'till Thy enliv'ning Ray
Scatters the melancholy Gloom away:
Then opens to the Soul a Heav'nly Scene,
Gladness and Peace, all sprightly, all serene.

Where dost thou deign, say in what blest Retreat,
To chuse thy Empire, and to fix thy Seat?
Thy sacred Presence how shall we explore?
Can Av'rice gain thee with her golden Store?

Can

Can vain Ambition, with her boasted Charms,
Tempt thee within her wide-extended Arms?
No; with Content alone canst thou abide,
Thy Sister, ever smiling by thy Side!

When boon Companions, void of every Care,
Crown the full Bowl, and the rich Banquet share,
And give a Loose to Pleasure — art thou There?
Or when the eager Swains pursue the Chace,
With active Limbs, and Health in ev'ry Face;
Is it Thy Voice that, wak'ning up the Morn,
Cheers the stanch Hound, and winds the jolly Horn?
Or, when th' assembled Great and Fair advance
To celebrate the Mask, the Play, the Dance;
Whilst Beauty spreads her sweetest Charms around,
And Airs ecstatic swell their tuneful Sound,
Art Thou within the pompous Circle found?
Does not thy Influence more sedately shine?
Can such tumultuous Joys as these be thine?

Surely

Surely more mild, more constant in their Course,
Thy Pleasures issue from a purer Source ;
From sweet Discretion ruling in the Breast,
From Passions temper'd, and from Lufts repress ;
From Thoughts unconscious of a guilty Smart,
And the calm Transports of an honest Heart.

Thy Aid, O ever faithful, ever kind !
Through Life, through Death attends the virtuous
Of angry Fate wards from us every Blow, [Mind ;
Cures every Ill, and softens every Woe.
Whatever Good our mortal State desires,
What Wisdom finds, or Innocence inspires ;
From Nature's bounteous Hand whatever flows,
Whate'er our Maker's Providence bestows,
By Thee Mankind enjoys, by Thee repays
A grateful Tribute of perpetual Praise.



On S E R E N A.

I.

S*ERENA*, 'midst the sultry Rays,
Forfakes the City Scene;
But cooler Winds and shorten'd Days
Bring back the Maid again.

II.

Her Motions, to the Seasons true,
By Turns with each agree;
Yet, tho' they Nature's Course pursue,
They change that Course to me.

III.

In vain its Smiles the Year bestows,
In Absence of her Charms;
With cheerless Suns my Summer glows,
But 'tis my Winter warms.

On the ROSE: From ANACREON.

IN the Garland-bearing Spring,
To the Rose I strike the String,
Joyn the Confort while I sing.

Scented first by Heav'nly Breath,
Sprung the Rose for Man beneath,
Fragrant Blossom! yielding Joy,
Dear to *Venus* and her Boy;
To the Graces dear, in Hours
Full of Love, and full of Flow'rs;
To the Muses it belongs,
Subject of Poetic Songs!
Sweet to Him, who haply strays,
Doubtful, flow through thorny Ways:
Sweet to Her, who from the Stalk
Plucks it in her Morning's Walk;

That her Virgin Hand may move
To her Breast the Flow'r of Love.

From the Rose what Pleasures rise,
To the Gay, and to the Wife!

This with gladfom Wreath invests
Vernal and Autumnal Feasts;

Grace and Ornament affords
To our Altars, and our Boards.

Roses all that's fair adorn,
Rosy-finger'd is the Morn,
Rosy-arm'd the Nymphs are seen,
Rosy-skin'd is Beauty's Queen.

These the sick and languid please,
Nay the Dead are deck'd with these,
These can even conquer Time,
Since, when faded from their Prime,
Still they breathe Perfume, and hold
Youthful Odour when they're old.

Say we whence the Rose's Bloom;
When, from the neglected Foam,
Hoary Ocean *Venus* gave,
Dew-besprinkled from the Wave;
When *Minerva*, fierce and fair,
Queen of Tumult, and of War!
Issu'd from the Head of *Jove*,
Dreadful to the Realms above:
Then the gen'ral Mother Earth
Teem'd, and bore a flow'ry Birth,
New-born Rose, producing Thee,
Various, beauteous Progeny!

See the Gods in Council meet!
See the Soil with Nectar sweet
Soft they tinge! and quick the Rose
Sacred to *Lyæus* glows;
Deathless Flow'r divinely born!
Glorious Offspring of the Thorn!

On an Open GRAVE.

Laborious Passenger, look down,
Behold thy Journey's End ;
See! whither all thy weary Steps,
'Tis hither, see ! they tend.

Observe the Distance, mark, how small,
But six Foot deep or less,
A Measure scarce beyond thy own,
That leads from Pain to Ease !

Nor here alone, but wherefoe'er
Thy toilsom Foot-steps found ;
Thy Length and Breadth will shew the Spot,
Where Rest is to be found.

Then

Then patient, the Fatigues of Life,
With this Reflection, bear ;
That Journey can't be over long,
Whose End is ev'ry where.

The R E T I R E M E N T.

I.

TIS weak and worldly to conclude
Retirement all a Solitude ;
The Wise and Good will always own,
That Man is never less alone,
Than when alone ; 'tis so with Me,
When in my own large Company.

II.

Withdrawn and penfive while I move,
Beneath the Shade of yonder Grove ;
Monarchs, that triple Circles wear,
Feel not the Weight of half my Care ;

In Sighs and Pray'rs my Soul I bend,
But rise to Transports in the End.

III.

When from the World retir'd apart,
To dress the Temple of my Heart ;
To make it beautiful and fair,
Fit for the God residing there :
'Tis then, and only then I live,
Enjoying all this Globe can give.

IV.

Think'ft thou to treat Almighty Pow'r
Is but the Bus'ness of an Hour ?
Or who, that gets so dear a Guest,
But once enshrin'd within his Breast,
Would, for this World's Impertinence,
Neglect him there, or drive him thence ?

V.

My *Eden* then be my Abode,
And the great Visitant, my God !

He

He only my Companion be,
From whom I hope Eternity!
They who below their Heav'n fore-date,
Ne'er dread th' up-lifted Hand of Fate,
Tasting the Glories that shall crown
An endless Life when this is done.

A Thought upon DEATH.

TIS vain, my Soul, 'tis impious all
The human Lot to mourn;
That Life so soon must fleet away,
And Dust to Dust return.

Alas, from Death the Terrors fly,
When once 'tis understood;
'Tis Nature's Call, 'tis God's Decree,
And is and must be good.

Wearied

Wearied his Limbs with honest Toil,
And void of Cares his Breast,
See how the lab'ring Hind sinks down,
Each Night, to wholesome Rest !

No nauseous Fumes perplex his Sleep,
No guilty Starts surprize ;
The Visions that his Fancy forms,
All free, and chearful rise.

So thou, nor led by Lusts astray,
Nor gall'd with anxious Strife,
With virtuous Industry fulfill
The plain Intent of Life.

Pass calmly thy appointed Day,
And usefully employ ;
And then thou'rt sure, whate'er succeeds,
Is Rest, and Peace, and Joy.

To a Physician on his MARRIAGE.

I.

DEAR Doctor, let me wish you Joy,
If 'tis not past the wishing Season;
Let me, as Poets use, employ
A little Rhyme, and little Reason.

II.

No Jokes on Human Nature fear,
'Tis fit I to Physicians leave her;
Who from an Ague can set clear,
And know the Symptoms of a Fever.

III.

Forgive me, if too fond of Rule,
I learn the Habit of advising;
I shall but briefly play the Fool,
In wishing, or in moralizing.

IV. All

IV.

All Strife for Empire be abhorr'd,
Which often Nuptial Quiet vexes;
Tho' You by Right-Divine are Lord,
Yet Souls no Diff'rence know of Sexes.

V.

Your Griefs and Pleasures let Her share,
Deserv'dly Your Esteem possessing,
To blunt the Smart of ev'ry Care,
And raise the Sweet of ev'ry Blessing.

VI.

Nor Joy, nor Jar be heard or seen,
Nor Umpire, nor Spectator needing;
Soon as a Third crept in between,
Remember *Adam* lost his *Eden*.

VII.

May rolling Years, that Strength impair,
Cement Your Friendship still the stronger;

O! may her Mind appear most Fair,
Then when her Face is fair no longer.

VIII.

Safe may You rest through Life's Decline,
From Pain acute, and great Disaster;
While Children, as they grow, combine
To draw your True-Love-Knot the faster

IX.

Till He, whose universal Dart
The Learn'd and Fair must suffer under,
Your True-Love-Knot alone shall part,
Who parts the Knot of Life afunder.

Imitated from the G R E E K.

MIRA is all the World to me,
In seeing Her I all Things see!
In all Things else I nothing see,
Mira is all the World to me!

*To a young Lady, who desir'd a Mathematician
to make her some V E R S E S.*

WHY does the Fair this Task impose
On one, who scarce the Muses knows?
Me for a Poet! I as soon,
On *Ganzas'* Wings cou'd reach the Moon.
The conj'ring Terms of my dull Art
Will shock your Ear, not please your Heart:
Yet since I must, I'll try my Skill,
To draw your Charms, tho' I paint ill.

Can Numbers multiply'd express
Your Beauties, and not make 'em less?
What Plummet can Mechanics find,
To fathom your extensive Mind?
Can the condensing Engine shew,
What Virtues are compriz'd in You?

Or

Or the Thermometer impart
The Warmth, or Coldness of your Heart?
How shall I that Reflection shew,
That makes your Cheek the Rose out-do?
What vivid Colours must unite,
To make your Neck so blooming white?
The Orange Oyl is still beneath
The fragrant Odours which you breath:
Then to express what things you say,
Is past the Pow'r of *Algebra*.
Vibrations of th' elastick String
Can't imitate the Notes you sing;
And when you dance, such Curves you draw,
As far exceed th' Hyperbola.

Like *Sol* you'll soon attractive prove,
While Planet Lovers round You move;
Yet fingle turn, and don't advance,
Nor quit your Circle in the Dance.

Your

Your Gravity will still confine
Such as wou'd fly in spiral Line.
Let *Mercury* no Love inspire ;
He shines, 'tis true ; but with false Fire.
Let *Venus* no Way bring You over,
She'd give You to some cast-off Lover ;
Enrag'd, that flying from her Arms,
Each Planet courts your brighter Charms.
Let not the Earth, for sordid Pelf,
So far make you forget your self,
To let your Liberty be sold,
And fall a Victim to his Gold.
Shun *Mars*, if e'er you prize your Life ;
A Soldier always beats his Wife.
Comets are Rakes unfit for Love,
As their Excentrick Orbits prove.
Beware of fickle *Jove's* Addresses,
He ruins all whom he caresses ;

So trust him not, be well aware,
See *Ifis* Cow, *Calisto* Bear.
Accept of *Saturn*, none but he
To faithful Love will constant be:
'Tis he bestows the shining Ring,
The truest Pledge that Love can bring!
Since he can Days, and Years command,
And carries Ages in his Hand,
May you with him still happy be,
And change but for Eternity.

A S O N G.

I.

FAIN would you ease my troubled Heart,
And by Examples prove.
That Men unhurt may feel the Dart,
And bear the Pain of Love.

II.

Why should not I then undergo
The gen'ral Doom of all?
'Tis granted, most survive the Blow,
Yet many by it fall.

III.

Your Counsels may my Thanks engage,
But not my Love controul;
Alas! such Juleps ne'er assuage
This Fever of the Soul.

IV.

Such to the burning Patient give,
When Fate approaches nigh,
Tell him that Thousands through it live,
While He must by it die.



AVARO; Or, the Miser's FEAST.

Naturam expellas fura licet, usque recurret.

AVARO, who wou'd skin a Flint,
 Cou'd he foresee a Profit in't,
 One time (in order to look great)
 Resolv'd to make a splendid Treat:
Braund he employ'd to dress the Meat,
 And call'd *French* Cooks from *Suffolk-Street*;
 From *Billingsgate* he had his Fish,
 From *Leaden-Hall* each *English* Dish:
 For second Course fat *Ortolans*,
 And choicest Dainties brought from *France*:
Lambert, with Skill, in the Desert
 Display'd his Sweetmeats and his Art;
 Pine-Apples slic'd were serv'd all round,
 Rais'd with Expence on *English* Ground.
 In short, you'd think no Prince was able
 Better to furnish out a Table.

One cou'd not name that sort of Wine,
From *France*, from *Cyprus*, or the *Rhine*;
But what was brought in Glafs or Flask,
Before you cou'd take time to ask.

The Guests, are all surpriz'd to see
Avaro's Generosity,
And in each publick Place commend
The change of Soul in their old Friend.
Avaro takes no farther Care,
Thinking he'd fix'd his Character,
But grows, if possible, much more
Sordid, than e'er he was before;
And starves himself, to make amends
For what was spent upon his Friends.
This vile Relapse caus'd all to shun him,
And lost each Man his Dinner won him.

The Question is, what we must think
Of those that had his Meat and Drink;

Is't not Ingratitude confest,
To scorn the Man who gave the Feast?
Of common Punch a little Bowl,
Giv'n in Sincerity of Soul,
Shou'd fix a Character most hateful
On any one that is not grateful;
But when you find the Man's a Cheat,
And gives, for no good Will, the Treat,
Shall you not think Contempt his Due,
Who strives to make a Fool of You?

So Voters, at Elections, see
Time-serving Hospitality;
And as the Squire but acts a Part,
They give their Votes, but not their Heart.



Upon an ingenious Friend, over-vain.

DEAR *Frank*, with Fancy, Fire and Style,
Form'd a consummate Poet,
Burns with Impatience, all the while,
That all the World should know it.

Where-e'er he comes, with pompous Boast
His Talent he displays;
No, not a Tittle shall be lost
Of his minutest Praise.

Then let's be candid to our Friend,
And own his just Pretence;
Nor yet, whilst we his Wit commend,
Despise his want of Sense.

*On the Death of Doctor J. FREIND, corrected
from a Copy in one of the Journals.*

IN Med'cine far renown'd, what Clime or Age
Has seen thine Equal, since the *Coan* Sage?
Thy generous Aid when Enemies implor'd,
They rose, to Greatness and to Life restor'd;
When *Carolina* wept, thy Skill Divine
With Health unhop'd-for blest the Royal Line.
What Worth a nobler Height of Glory knows,
Than saving Princes, and preserving Foes?
But greatest Blessings make the shortest Stay,
The Tree of Life was lent but for a Day:
Freind dy'd in Strength of Years, nor must we see
Regain'd on Earth our Immortality;
His matchless Art presumptuous Hopes had giv'n,
His Death recalls us to rely on Heav'n.



HORACE, BOOK I. ODE XVI.

O matre pulchrâ filia pulchrrior, &c.

F A I R Daughter, blest beyond thy Mother's
 See vanquish't Malice drops its uselefs Arms! ^{[Charms,}

I now condemn my keen Iambick Strains
 To Flames or Floods, as thy fix'd Will ordains.

Not half so mad, when with their brazen Arms
 The *Corybantines* sound their loud Alarms:

Not so the *Pythian* Goddess is possess'd,
 When holy Prophecies disturb her Rest,

Glare in her Eyes, and labour in her Breast:

As frantick Man, when Anger fires his Soul,
 Proud, daring, fierce, impatient of Controul;

Whom neither Sword, nor Sea, nor Fire, nor *Jove*,
 With all his hottest Thunderbolts, can move.

'Tis said *Prometheus* first with Clay began
 (Ingenious Artifice!) to frame a Man;

From

From various Brutes he snatch'd each various Part,
 And stamp'd a Lion's Fury on the Heart,
 'Twas dire Revenge, and execrable Hate,
 Which on *Thyestes* drag'd that Load of Fate:
 Revenge the Cause, that, when a City's won,
 The cruel Triumph's not compleatly done,
 Till Havock and Destruction level all,
 And Ploughs root out th' Appearance of a Wall.
 Me too the warmth of Youth betray'd to write,
 With burning Envy, and with flowing Spite.
 May this Confession for my Crime atone,
 And since (blest Change!) Love's Convert I am
 Thou too be chang'd, and make my Vows thy own. ^{[grown,}



*To a Painter who had drawn a LADY's Picture
twice, without Success.*

I.

INjurious Man, presume no more,
The unsuccessful Task give o'er;
Each fond Attempt but serves to tell
Thy Art less pow'rful than thy Zeal.

II.

Think what bright Colours must unite,
To form those dazzling Beams of Light,
That round her sparkling Eye-balls play,
And add a Lustre to the Day!

III.

See, when she speaks, and when she smiles,
Some new-born Grace thy Skill beguiles!
Which in thy Copy scorns a Place,
And dies, remov'd from *Celia's* Face.

IV. Ambi-

IV.

Ambitious Painter, quit the Field,
This Province to the Lover yield;
And tho' thy curious Hand despair,
Yet Love shall represent the Fair.

V.

To abler Nature stoop thy Art,
For Love and Beauty ne'er should part;
Reciprocal their Pow'rs they prove,
Love Beauty forms, and Beauty Love.

EPITAPH *on* Mrs. HOLE,

I.

HERE slumber free among the Dead,
Blest Dust! nor Care, nor Age, nor Pain
Again shall raise that peaceful Head,
Shall ope those sleeping Eyes again.

II. With

II.

With even, patient, humble Mind,
Long, happy Sufferer, hast thou prov'd
Thy Father how severely kind!
How fore He chasten'd whom he lov'd!

III.

Sweet, mild and tender wast thou shown,
While in this Land of Tears below,
Tho' more than Conqu'ror o'er thy own,
Bending beneath thy Neighbour's Woe.

IV.

When seventy Winters now had snow'd
Their Silver Honours on thy Head,
Thy spotless Soul, mature for God,
Groan'd from her Bondage to be freed.

V.

God heard; th' obedient Fever came,
Yet wanted Strength Life's Knot t' untie,

Till

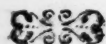
Till, aided by Devotion's Flame,
It rapt her to her native Skie.

Upon the Poet's Corner in Westminster Abby.

HAIL, sacred Reliques of the tuneful Train!
Here, ever honour'd, ever lov'd, remain.
No other Dust of the once Great or Wise,
As each beneath the hallow'd Pavement lyes,
To this old Dome a juster Rev'rence brings;
No, though she keeps the Ashes of our Kings.
Yet you the Herald's idle Art disclaim;
(Tis yours to give, and not to borrow Fame)
No Vaunts of far-fetch'd Ancestry are here,
Nor dusty Trophies waving in the Air,
No blazon'd Metals spread their tawdry Charms,
And only *Shadwell* shews a Coat of Arms.

Though

Though Those who foremost of our Nobles stand,
Peers of the Realm, and Princes in the Land!
Crowd to appear to your high Merit just,
And rear the Tomb, and place the breathing Bust.
Villers is read with *Cowley* on his Stone,
And *Sheffield* adds to *Dryden's* Name his own:
And this, in future Times, shall be their Boast,
When all Memorials else of Fame are lost;
When Time shall have devour'd whate'er proclaims
The Grandeur of their now illustrious Names;
And levell'd, as successive Ages pass,
The proud Inscription, and the sculptur'd Brass:
Your Sanction then Eternity shall give,
In your immortal Lustre theirs shall live;
As still *Mecænas* our lov'd Theme we make,
And honour *Pollio* for his *Virgil's* Sake.



On the Birth-Day of a CHILD of a Year old.

I.

HAIL! to thy Parents Wishes born!
Permitted here to stay
To see once more the cheerful Morn,
Which gave Thee into Day.

II.

Within a single little Year
Thy Sisters liv'd to die,
Just shown on Earth to disappear,
Sent early to the Sky.

III.

May'st Thou with happier Lot than these,
Thy Parents' Hopes, employ;
And Years, and many Years, increase
Th' Occasion of their Joy.

IV. In

IV.

In Piety and Virtue grow,

As rising Years improve ;

Bless'd with a longer Life below,

And higher Place above.

On the CREATION.

I.

WE to *Jehovah's* Altar bring
 The Incense of these pious Lays ;
 May He inspire us, while we sing
 His Greatness, and his Goodness praise.

II.

But how shall we exalt His Name,
 Whose wise, all-comprehending Thought
 Projected this stupendous Frame,
 And fashion'd all Things out of Nought?

III. Who

III.

Who, midst the Realm of ancient Night,
One undistinguish'd, void Abyss!
By his bare *Fiat* form'd the Light,
And bade this beauteous Fabrick rise:

IV.

Celestial Hosts of Cherubs, say,
Attendants on his awful Nod!
How issu'd forth the Dawning Ray,
Refulgent Shadow of the God?

V.

Rais'd with stupendous Arch, the Skies
Widely their azure Mantle spread;
On sable Wings the Tempest flies,
New risen from the Liquid Bed.

VI.

The marshall'd Waves, with headlong Course,
Retreat from the aspiring Land,

And rally their divided Force,
 Obedient to the Great Command.

VII.

Nocturnal Lamps, their measur'd Round
 Now leading, radiant Blessings shed ;
 With Dignity unrivall'd crown'd,
 The Sun, just lighted, rears his Head.

VIII.

Unbrooded Flocks in *Æther* play,
 The Deep enliven'd shines in Scales ;
 There Infant Eagles brave the Day,
 Here Drops commence enormous Whales.

IX.

But O! what Numbers shall we find
 Expressing how our selves began ?
 When the ador'd Almighty Mind
 His Scheme epitomiz'd in Man :

X. Resem-

X.

Resemblance of Himself imprest,
In Reason, Sanctity, Command;
With Wisdom fill'd his stately Breast,
With Sceptre of the Globe his Hand.

XI.

Ye glorious Works of Heav'n and Earth,
Chiefly, Thou last, Hosannah's raise
To Him, whose Goodness gave you Birth,
Unwearied your Creator praise!

VIRTUE, *the truest* NOBILITY.

HOW mean your Boast, ye Sons of Earth,
Who vaunt of Honours, Blood and Birth!
The Good, the Virtuous and the Wise
Are own'd the Kindred of the Skies.

The Wounded CONSCIENCE.

WHILE Sins hang heavy on my Soul,
 And Tumults in my Bosom rowl;
 When Conscience, Inmate of my Breast,
 (The Sinner's sure tormenting Guest !)
 Condemns me to infernal Chains,
 A living Death of endless Pains ;
 Sulphureous Lakes, and Sorms of Fire,
 Durance of God's avenging Ire !
 With all the Horrors that appear,
 Worthy His Wrath, and Mortal's Fear ;
 Where shall I, worst of Sinners, fly,
 When Hell my due Reward's so nigh ?
 Who can my troubled Soul compose,
 But He from whom those Troubles rose ?
 In God a Refuge sure I'll find,
 (In his severest Trials kind !)

'Twas He first made my Conscience smart,
To raise my Will, and mend my Heart;
And with short Sorrow pierc'd my Breast,
To make me penitent, and blest.
Then let me turn, repent, adore,
So shall my God my Peace restore;
All my past Sins shall be forgiv'n,
This View of Hell procure me Heav'n.

Epitaph on a GAMESTER and FREETHINKER.

ACTA est ALEA.

HERE lyes a Sceptick, long in Doubt
If Death could kill the Soul or not;
Death ends his Doubtfulness at last,
Convinc'd, but oh! the Die is cast.



To a Young L A D Y.

I.

CELIA, in whose attractive Smile
Love undissembled shines,
Whose gen'rous Breast no shadowy Guile
E'er knew, nor mean Designs :

II.

To Thee, with ardent Zeal, my Soul
Avows her glorious Flame ;
Nor Reason can that Warmth controul,
Which first from Reason came.

III.

Thy taper Waist with juster Grace,
No Ribs of Whale can bind ;
No Art pollutes thy blooming Face,
No Vice thy spotless Mind,

IV. What

IV.

What tho' swift Time will bring the Hour,
 (How vain is Beauty's Boast!)
When that fair Frame, sweet short-liv'd Flow'r!
 Shall sink to Parent Dust?

V.

Wit, Candour, Wisdom, Courage, Truth,
 The Charms thy Soul improve,
Shall flourish in Immortal Youth,
 And win Immortal Love.

VI.

The Sun shall headlong leave the Skies,
 Shorn of his golden Ray :
Thou, *Celia*, from the Dust shalt rise,
 And shine in endless Day!



The BASKET, A TALE.

THERE flourish'd in a Market-Town,
To Riches born, and Riches grown,
A Pair, who free from flagrant Strife,
Had reach'd the middle Age of Life.
The Man was sprung of gentle kind,
Not ill his Person or his Mind;
Expert at Fishing and at Fowling,
At Hunting, Racing, and at Bowling;
Nor would he to his Betters yield,
More in the House, than in the Field;
In Country Dances he had Skill,
And plaid at Whisk, tho' not Quadrille:
He knew what 'Squire might wish to know, Sir,
But then, hard Fate! he was a Grocer;
And, spite of all his Wife could say,
Would sometimes work, as well as play.

His

His Wife was not unworthy Praise,
As Women went in former Days;
Her Beauty Envy must confess,
Exact her Breeding, and her Dress;
In her own Family so good,
The Master manag'd as he would:
When Jars their Union discompose,
Her Passion often inward glows,
Her Tongue in Anger would she hold,
And rarely condescend to scold.
Her Voice not shrill, but rather sweet,
Her Conduct virtuous and discreet:
In short, all Slander she defied,
One only Failing Malice spied,
One only Fault——but that was Pride!
Her Lord's superior in Degree,
As something better born than He:

None

None equal to her self she view'd,
Throughout the spacious Neighbourhood.
Th' Attorney's Wife, the World allows,
Brought a large Fortune to her Spouse;
But then 'twas less, as she avers,
By full five hundred Pounds than hers,
Her Hands for Sugars were too nice,
She fainted at the Stink of Spice;
And fain her Husband would persuade,
To leave off such a dirty Trade.
For Country Lasses, by the by,
Can sometime bear their Heads as high
As loftiest Matrons, who reside
In stately Mansions of *Cheapside*;
Can be as proud of Dow'r and Birth,
As e'er a Princess upon Earth.

None with our Grocer could compare
For Trade, each Market was a Fair;

From

From whence may gentle Readers know,
This thing was acted long ago.
One Day his Bus'ness ran so high,
His Shop so throng'd with Company,
So quick his Customers' Demands,
He needed more than all his Hands:
Down comes his Wife with careless Air,
But not to help him, never fear;
Far be from Her a Thought so mean!
She came to see, and to be seen;
Nor e'er intended to do Good,
But stand in th' way of them that would.
That Instant in a Servant comes
Post-hast, for Spices and for Plums,
Who Home had many a Mile to go;
The Grocer peevish 'gan to grow,
To see his Dearest loiter so.

}

Howe'er

Howe'er he mild accosts her — Pray,
Or give your Help, or go your Way.
In vain he touch'd her on that Ear,
She did not, or she would not hear.
You see the Footman cannot stay,
Pray lend your Hand the things to weigh;
Why otherwise did you come down?
She answer'd only with a Frown;
But such a Frown as seem'd t' express
Her Dow'r, her Beauty, and her Dress.
Well! since you would not weigh the Ware,
Pray put it in the Basket there;
She turn'd her Back, without Rejoinder,
And left her Spouse to fume behind her.
Hold! hold! the Things are now put in it,
I hope you'll do so much as pin it.
When a fourth time her Husband spoke,
The Dame her sullen Silence broke,

With

With very short, but full Reply;
I pin your Baskets! No, not I!
Enrag'd he snatch'd the Footman's Stick,
And laid it on her Shoulders quick.
Amaz'd, as never struck before,
And feeling much, and fearing more;
To hinder what might farther come on't,
She pinn'd the Basket in a Moment.

The Man troop'd of in merry Mood,
And laugh'd and tee-hee'd as he rode;
Pleas'd with the delicate Conceit,
To see so fine a Lady beat:
He wish'd the Deed at Home were done,
And could not help Comparison;
For his own Mistress was as fine,
As Her that suffer'd Discipline;
As proud, as high-born, and as rich,
But not so continent of Speech.

At

At Dinner-time the waggish Knave
By Turns was fleering, and was grave,
Now bites his Lips, and quickly after
Bursts out unwilling into Laughter.
Quoth Madam, with Majestick Look,
(Who Servants' Freedom could not brook,
Nor Laughter in her Presence bear)
What ails the sawcy Fellow there?
Does not the Fool his Distance know?
What makes the Coxcomb giggle so?
But angry Words and Looks were vain;
Again he giggles, and again.
Nay, says his Master, *Tom*, at least,
If you must laugh so, tell the Jest;
That, if 'tis worth our joyning, we
In Mirth may bear you Company.
Tom up and told the Story roundly,
How a fair Dame was cudgell'd soundly.

Scarce Madam heard the whole Narration,
Before she flew in monstrous Passion;
Was ever any thing so base?
At Noon-day! in the Market-place!
A Woman so well-bred as she!
Her Fortune! and her Family!
The Husband fain, with sober Sense,
Would curb her Tide of Eloquence:
But your true Vixen will, for no Man,
Forbear defending of a Woman,
And, let the Cause be bad or good,
Fights Tooth and Nail, for Sisterhood.
Her Visits are among the Best!
No Lady e'er was better drest!
And was it proper, pray, that she
Should touch his nasty Grocery?
Not pin the Basket! Beat her for it!
I did not think she would have bore it!

How

How could she help it, pray my Dear ?

What, do You too the Rascal clear ?

A paltry Rogue! a Woman strike !

I think you Men are all alike.

Tom now grew merrier, not sadder,

Which made his Mistress ten times madder ;

Who started up in Fury strait,

And vow'd to break the Rascal's Pate:

Her Husband rises, to assuage

Th' o'er-bearing Tempest of her Rage,

But happen'd not her Hand to mind,

And caught the Rap for *Tom* design'd ;

Who, not approving of the Jest,

Return'd it soon with Interest.

Tom saw, in Cases of that Nature,

'Twas dang'rous to be Mediator ;

So ran down Stairs, as was but fitting,

And left his Mistress to her Beating.

Below-stairs was a Kitchen-Maid,
 To whom our *Tom* had Courtship paid,
 Tho' strong of Limbs, of Courage stout,
 She argu'd oftner than she fought;
 As cool as Heart could well desire,
 For one so conversant in Fire.
 Says *Moll*, above-stairs what's the Matter?
 I never heard so loud a Clatter.
 For fear of spoiling his Amour, He
 Was backward to relate the Story,
 Suspecting much, tho' Sweethearts, whether
 By th' Ears they might not fall together:
 I should be sorry, *Moll*, to see
 A Diff'rence rise 'twixt you and me;
 'Tis but a Trifle, let it go,
 What signifies for you to know?
 Nay, then I must —— so out it came,
 And put her Womanhood in Flame;

She her Resentment could not stifle,
A Trifle said you, *Tom*? a Trifle!
I think my Mistress in the Right,
With Women none but Cowards fight;
A Gentlewoman so to maul!
A Brutish Fellow, after all.
Quoth *Tom*, a sore Affront was done him,
By turning her Backside upon him.
Moll thought she safely might be smart,
With Privilege of a Sweet-heart;
Do You excuse him? very fine!
I'd make him kiss it, were it mine!
Tom might have let the Matter die,
By this time, in Civility;
For if both Sides disdain to bend,
How should a Quarrel have an End?
But things, alas! too far were gone,
And one Word drew another on,

Apace their Passion higher rose,
From Words they quickly fell to Blows ;
Honour concern'd, they both would try for't,
And both are daring, tho' they die for't.
The Strokes so lustily were laid,
The Lover and his dear Cook-maid,
Spight of the mutual Love they boasted,
Were both confoundedly rib-roasted,
They box'd like any Man and Wife ;
So quick the Progress is of Strife,
It matters not how small the Grain,
If but continual be the Train,
Sufficient the first Spark is found,
Fire sudden skims along the Ground,
And flashes Lightning all around.

The Fact thus plainly laid before ye,
What is the Purport of the Story ?

A double Moral may become it,
 And justly each may follow from it :
 From Hence may Fools the Danger learn,
 Of meddling where they've no Concern ;
 And Males and Females may beware,
 Not to adopt another's Jar :
 And those, who will, with half an Eye,
 The main Instruction may descry ;
 If you're too weak to win the Field,
 'Tis best without a Combat yield ;
 Whene'er your Husbands please to ask it,
 Run! fly! ye Wives, and pin the Basket.

MARTIAL, EP. LIX. BOOK IV.

A Knot of Packthread, strongly spun,
 Was all that *Ammian* will'd his Son :
 How nicely did the Sire contrive,
 His Son should wish him still alive !

To DAPHNE.

LOOK, lovely Nymph, on yonder Tree,
What Bloom the downy Peach adorns!

See too, those op'ning Roses see,
That sweetly blush on yonder Thorns!

Then turn thee, fair One, to that Bed,
Where various Flow'rs together grow;
Observe yon Lilly lift its Head,
And proudly boast its Summer Snow!

But would'st Thou in one Object joyn'd,
At once these sev'ral Beauties trace?
Yon Stream consult, and Thou wilt find,
They all unite in DAPHNE'S Face.



PROGNOSTICKS of RAIN.

EV'N now Invention flags; the wearied Muse
Unwilling works, and would her Toil excuse;
The Pen stands still, and Thoughts but slowly rise,
And drowsy Sadness tells the clouded Skies.
Th' uneasy Cat perceives the misty Air,
And busy licks the Dampness from her Hair.
Pictures hang loosely on the moistned Wall,
And Spiders boldly o'er the Ceiling crawl.
Each weeping Stone foretells the coming Rain,
And *Cyndaraxa* cleans the Hearth in vain.
The godly Dame a Nap o'er *Bunyan* takes,
'Till raging Corn the fond Enthusiast wakes;
While dropping Glass retains the captive Flies,
Who Strive in vain, and rub their clouded Eyes.
Cook *Dolly* nods; and she who turns around,
Her murm'ring Wheel, and spins her daily Pound,
Forgets

Forgets her usual Song, and hasty Tread,
And with forc'd Pain draws out th' unwilling Thread.
The swelling Boards keep fast the lab'ring Door,
And Snail-Embroidery bedecks the Floor.

In Imitation of the Greek of AMPHIS in
A T H E N Æ U S.

I.

SOME liken Man to brittle Glas,
Some to a burning Taper,
To Garden Flow'r, or Meadow-Grass,
Or to a rising Vapour.

II.

But doubtless Beer in Barrel tunn'd,
Or close in Bottle pent,
Does human Life thro' all its Round
Most clearly represent.

III.

The Infant Drink will driv'ling dose,
And cry like Child in Cradle;
You must let neither lye too loose,
Nor yet too closely swaddle.

IV.

New Ale, we know, is full of Wind,
Wanting due Time to stale it,
The Dregs, not yet by Age refin'd,
Are nauseous to the Palate.

V.

Fresh Hops sometimes our Art employs,
To rectify the Liquor;
And who believes, but that to Boys,
Correction is a Bitter?

VI.

At length, improv'd by ripening Age,
Both Man and Beer grow bright;

To Conversation they engage,
And every Friend delight.

VII.

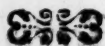
But if the Cork is naught in one,
And weak the Head in t'other;
The Liquor's flat, a Dunce the Man,
And neither can recover.

On the Siege of GIBRALTAR.

PHILIP, no longer patient to survey
His *ne plus ultra* own the *British* Sway,
Resolves to bear all Opposition down,
And make th' important Fortrefs yet his own:
For this his Thunder shakes the neighb'ring Shore,
But from those Walls superior Thunders roar.
Spaniard, on *Calpé* all Attempts are vain,
'Tis in the Hands of *Hercules* again.

EPITAPH for a young LADY.

YE Angels! who with golden Wings o'er-
 These Isles, where lie inshrin'd the silent Dead; ^{[spread}
 Where Pride, and Pomp their idle Farce give o'er,
 Where Sorrow weeps, and Beauty charms no more;
 Your sacred Care *Maria's* Virtues claim,
 The purest Mind, and once the loveliest Frame!
 As from the grosser Elements, aspire,
 Swift to the Skies, the sparkling Seeds of Fire;
 So mounted upwards her celestial Mind,
 And left the Body uninform'd behind.
 While thus her Spirit gains its native Place,
 O guard this Tomb, and her cold Ashes grace!
 Hail! and farewell, thou much-lamented Maid!
 Peace wait thy Dust, and Peace thy sacred Shade!



On a LADY'S BIRTH-DAY.

Attend, thou Sun! be watchful, every Star,
That guards the Young, the Virtuous, and
From this blest'd Day the brightest Maid arose,
That Heav'n e'er fram'd, or Nature could disclose;
A Form all-charming, an all-beauteous Mind,
With Virtue brighten'd, and with Wit refin'd!
Fly soft, ye Hours! shine forth, ye op'ning Skies!
Calm as her Breast, and radiant as her Eyes.

O lovely Maid! with ev'ry Pow'r to please,
Endearing Sweetness, and attractive Ease!
Crown'd with each Grace, and ev'ry purer Fire,
That Youth can boast, or Heav'n it-self inspire!
Behold what Numbers, by thy Beauty drawn,
Hail thy fair Honours in their early Dawn!
O! as thy Dawn, be thy whole Day serene,
Without one Cloud to discompose the Scene!

May

May thy soft Breast no anxious Sorrow know,
But Pleasures bloom, and Sweets for ever flow,
Eternal Joys thy smiling Hours improve,
To Friendship sacred, and endear'd by Love!

Then, when the Sun, amid th' ethereal Way,
Cheers the glad World with this revolving Day,
New Beauties yearly shall adorn thy Face,
A brighter Glory, or a softer Grace:
Ev'n, when like his thy Honours shall decline,
(For O! those Beauties once thou must resign)
Still shalt thou shine, tho' more serenely bright,
With colder Influence, and a fainter Light;
Till our dire Loss you leave us to bemoan,
And calmly set, to rise in Worlds unknown.



To a BEAUTIFUL LADY.

HOW Nature still, her fav'rite work to grace,
 Breathes all her Charms on Woman's beauty-
 Hence *Queensbrough's* lively Mien, and *Richmond's* [ous Race!
 And *Pitt's* endearing Smiles must ever please : [Ease,
 Hence *Fielding's* Look with native Blushes glows,
 And *Molefworth's* Cheek its paler Beauty shows;
 Hence, whilst in *Myra's* Eyes at once conspire
 An *Herbert's* Sweetness, and a *Shirley's* Fire,
 Whilst o'er her Form the truest Beauties rise,
 From the just Feature, and proportion'd Size;
 Like some fair Image, pictur'd in the Breast,
 Which warms the Mind, but ne'er can be express'd,
 Still purer Charms, a Grace yet more refin'd,
 Not fix'd to Colour, nor to Shape confin'd,
 Inspire her Air, creating to the View
 Forms still more fair, a Person ever new!

O long ador'd beneath a fancy'd Name,
Be all thy Life harmonious as thy Frame!
Where the fair Parts, in beauteous Union met,
Form thro' the whole an Happiness compleat.
But ah! what Changes of successive Care
Attend the Gay, the Youthful, and the Fair!
If loth the Slaves of *Hymen* to be led,
In the smooth Paths of Virgin-life you tread,
What pois'nous Blasts among the Flow'rs may spring!
And lurking Serpents shoot their secret Sting!
Unnumber'd Ills, fore-wounding, ever wait
In the gay Forms of Gallantry and State;
And oft your Sex pursue, for real Joys,
A Round of Folly, Vanity and Noise;
The Great, the Vain their erring Mind employ,
With Fools in Lace, who love but to destroy.

Now see what Cares may vex the Marriage-Life,
From close Indiff'rence, or more open Strife!

Nor

Nor blame the Muse, O *Myra* ! for to thee,
 Surely the Skies shall brighter Hours decree.
 Why sighs *Melissa*, and with ceaseless Hate,
 Frets, sinks in Vapours, and laments her State?
 Hers is the Pomp, the proudest Grandeur brings,
 High Titles, Riches, and such gaudy Things;
 To foul Deformity her Charms she sold,
 And barter'd solid Happiness for Gold.

Some wed, and vainly think their Lord to find
 True to their Vows, and as the Lover kind;
 Like high-wrought Prologues to dull Tragedies,
 They promis'd Wonders, with a thousand Lies;
 The Play begun, the Hero shall appear,
 Faulty throughout, a monstrous Character !
 Actions, and Words improper intervene,
 And Wars that last, till Death concludes the Scene.

May your soft Hours more gently glide away,
 Wisely genteel, and with Discretion gay ;

Not

Not lost in Trifles, Cards, and practis'd Airs,
Nor quite confin'd to Plain-work, and to Pray'rs.
Beauties and Wits, alike in all to please,
May e'en to Trifles give a Grace and Ease;
Thus, Madam, Dress nor Visits disesteem,
These, us'd with Decency, shall decent seem:
And as those Beauties seldom please us most,
Whose faultless Forms th' exactest Features boast,
Unless an easy, unaffected Grace
Flow thro' their Airs, and animate their Face;
So, tho' your Life be strictly regular,
Let a free Grace in all its Parts appear:
Thus shall your Charms with double Pow'r detain
Each gen'rous Heart, and please, yet awe the Vain;
Thus, when the Heav'ns, those Charms with Joy to
Give some fond Lover to your dear Embrace;
One whom true Manners, gen'rous Arts adorn,
Who knows the World, its Vanities to scorn;

And

And quits, in Honour as in Passion true,
Its Noise and Cares, for Happiness and You:
Then *Hymen's* Torch shall burn for ever bright,
And Love and Truth supply a lasting Light.

From the Greek of PLATO in ATHENÆUS.

FOR Forty odd though *Laïs* pass,
Her Wrinkles I admire;
The glorious Ruins of her Face
Set all my Soul on Fire.

Ye Gods, how pow'ful were the Charms
Of *Laïs* in her Bloom!
If now her Evening more than warms,
How Scorching was her Noon!



A F A B L E.

IN what Dress or what Manner soever convey'd,
 Still Truth will affect, and good Sense will per-
 Let this for a while with your Patience prevail, ^{[suade;}
 From honest old *Æsop* to hear an old Tale.

As once on a Time, in a savoury Chat,
 A Fox was profoundly engag'd with a Cat;
 With modest Assurance, and due Condescension,
 His Talents and Parts he thought proper to mention:
 And made it by plain Demonstration appear,
 No Jeopardy he could have Reason to fear;
 For his Match never yet, as all Ages have own'd,
 Was for Quickness, and Slyness, and Stratagem found;
 Such subtle Devices in *Petto* had He
 For every Alarm that could possibly be;
 In short, let his Foes, be they Dog, be they Man,
 Let 'em try to catch Him in a Scrape, if they can.

Puss

Pufs heard his Harangue with a Face full of Won-
 [der,
 And thought it was decent for her to knock under;
 And pay a becoming Respect and Submission,
 To the Merits and Skill of this great Politician:
 Indeed a small Shift, though it yet never fail'd her,
 One Shift she had ready, when Danger assail'd her;
 If that should miscarry—but hark, by the bye,
 The Horns, and the Huntsmen, and Hounds in full
 [Cry!
 Pufs nimbly whipt up, and sat snug in a Tree,
 And as for the Fox, like the Devil flew He;
 But so richly he stunk, as they follow'd behind,
 And the Hounds, they still kept him so close in the
 [Wind;
 That without loss of Time, by his Genius forsaken,
 In spight of his Cunning poor *Reynard* was taken.

Thus the crafty Contriver with Doubles and
 [Fetches,
 In his own wise Conceit, the whole World over-
 [reaches;
 And takes it for granted, no Mortal can be
 So notably artful, and clever as He:

By Self-admiration perpetually cheated,
He wonders to find his Finesses defeated;
Whilst the only sure Way, without further Pretence,
Is Honesty, guided by plain common Sense.

On the Death of a good poor W O M A N.

I.

IN even Scale, by Truth Divine,
When Greatness weigh'd shall be;
Nor laurel'd Chiefs shall equal shine,
Nor scepter'd Kings, with Thee.

II.

Thy patient Faith, no Grief defac'd,
No Form of Woe could move,
Not meager Want, securely plac'd
On God, thy Hope! thy Love!

III. What

III.

What tho', by fawning Crowds employ'd,
They grasp'd a wider Fame?
No finer Dust their Limbs compos'd,
Their Minds no purer Flame.

IV.

O'ercharg'd with Vanity and Sin,
T' impartial Fate they bend;
In Death thy Glories but begin,
Where all their Glories end.

V.

The Sov'reign drops his Pomp and Show,
And lays his Scepter down;
A richer Robe adorns Thee now,
A never-fading Crown!



An ANACREONTICK ODE, upon a Wedding after thirteen Tears Courtship.

BEGIN, the joyous Nuptial sing!
Wake the warbling dancing String!
Not old *Anacreon* would desire
Sweeter Subject for his Lyre,
Than Love for Length of Years the same,
Bright with undiminish'd Flame;
What later Ages rarely see,
Patriarchal Constancy!
Let Misers, fond of yellow Mould,
Truck their Happiness for Gold;
No shining Dust his Choice could move,
Wisely fix'd to live and love.
May He for all the Years He spent,
Ne'er have Reason to repent;

And

And She be studious to repay
Sev'n Years Service in a Day!
And both the Pain that's past employ,
More to raise their present Joy.
If Children e'er should bless their Eyes,
Healthy, Virtuous let them rise;
With new Endearment still improve
All the Tendernefs of Love.
Far from the chearful Mansion, far,
Shy Suspicion breeding Jar;
Pride too aspiring to descend,
Wanton Wit that wounds a Friend:
And Spirit high, with Humour joyn'd,
Curse of Man and Womankind!
May neither miss the happy Road,
To their Duty, to their God;
While many, many Years they see,
Bless'd with Peace and Piety!

That all the Wise their Praise may give,

Well this Pair knew how to live!

That all who see their Death may cry,

Well this Pair knew how to die!

On A M O R E T.

STrange! that Things which have their Weight
Only from a Cheat of State,

That have nothing in them real,

Meer Conceit! and all Ideal!

Yet should hold supream Dominion

O'er our Practice and Opinion;

Bear o'er Nature's self the Sway;

Nature, less our Guide than They!

Amoret has at Command

Houses, Gardens, Money, Land;

Is, as to her Person, fair,

And unstain'd in Character;

Yet

Yet she lives disconsolate,
Stranger to the Nuptial State.
Amoret has oft been woo'd,
By the Rich, the Wise, the Good;
By the Witty, Learn'd and Brave,
What is it *Amoret* would have?
Why she waits for — let me see —
Something, Men call Quality:
Not, what now and then we find,
Some good Habit in the Mind;
No, but something understood
To be, which is not, in the Blood.
O what Pity *Amoret*,
Won't be bless'd, and can't be Great!
Nature, whisper to her Heart,
Where, fair Virgin, where's Thy Part?
Others pay me with Increase,
But, for Thee, the World might cease.

An

An O D E,

*Written on Board His Majesty's S H I P the
CANTERBURY, after she had lost all
her Masts in a S T O R M.*

I.

WITH flowing Pomp and beauteous Pride
The floating Pile in Harbour rode;
Proud of her Freight, the swelling Tide
Reluctant left the Vessel's Side,
And kiss'd it as she flow'd.

II.

The Waves with Eastern Breezes curl'd,
And silver'd half the liquid Plain;
Her Anchors weigh'd, her Sails unfurl'd,
Serenely mov'd the wooden World,
And stretch'd along the Main.

III.

III.

The native Wonders of the Deep
Press, to admire the vast Machine;
In sportive Gambols round it leap,
Or else at awful Distance keep,
In Homage to their Queen.

IV.

Thus while we ride in gentle Gale,
Dissembled Friendship waits on Pow'r,
(But early quits the borrow'd Veil,
When sad Misfortune shifts the Scale)
And waits but to devour.

V.

In vain we fly approaching Ill,
Danger can multiply its Form;
Expos'd we fly like *Jonas* still,
And Heaven, when 'tis Heaven's Will,
O'ertakes us in a Storm.

VI. The

VI.

The distant Surge, all foamy White,
Foretels the future, furious Blast ;
Dreadful, tho' distant, was the Sight,
Confed'rate Winds and Waves unite,
And menace ev'ry Mast.

VII.

Winds whistling thro' the Shrouds proclaim
A fatal Harvest on the Deck ;
Quick in pursuit, as active Flame,
Too soon the rolling Ruin came,
And ratify'd the Wreck.

VIII.

Thus *Adam* smil'd with new-born Grace,
Inform'd by an Almighty Breath ;
Thus the same Breath sweeps off his Race,
Disorders Nature's beauteous Face,
And teems with instant Death.

IX. Shorn

IX.

Shorn of her Pride, the Vessel rolls,
And (as by Sympathy she knew
The secret Anguish of our Souls)
With inward, deeper Groans condoles
The Danger of her Crew.

X.

Now what avail'd it to be Brave,
On liquid Precipices hung?
Suspended on a breaking Wave,
Beneath us yawn'd a Sea-green Grave,
Which silenc'd ev'ry Tongue.

XI.

The faithless Flood forsook her Keel,
And downward launch'd the lab'ring Hull;
Stunn'd, she forgot a while to reel,
And felt (or almost seem'd to feel)
A momentary Lull.

XII. Thus

XII.

Thus in the Jaws of Death we lay,
Nor Light, nor Comfort found us there.
Loft in the Gulph and Floods of Spray,
No Sun to chear us, nor a Ray.
Of Hope——but in Despair.

XIII.

The Seas encourage this Despair,
While certain Ruin waits on Land,
Should we direct our Wishes there,
Soon we recant the fatal Pray'r,
And wish to shun the Strand.

XIV.

At length the Being, whose Behest
Reduc'd a Chaos into Form,
His Goodness and his Pow'r confess'd;
He spoke——and instant are suppress'd
Our Troubles and the Storm.

In Imitation of H O R A C E 's Donec gratus
eram, &c.

Written in the Y E A R 1720.

D A M O N.

W H E N I was grateful in your Eye,
Ere I was by a Rival vex'd;

When parting, with reluctant Sigh

You'd ask, *when shall I see you next.*

When you had not, as I've found since,

Hilario for a new Protector;

I thought my self great as a Prince,

And richer than *South-Sea* Director.

P H I L L I S.

When humbler *Phillis* fill'd your Mind,

My Heart was then at perfect Ease;

Ere you to *Chloe* was inclin'd,

And none but Quality wou'd please.

The

The Time then flew with speedy Wing,
 And hurry'd over Months and Weeks;
 I valu'd neither Mall nor Ring,
 And envy'd none her Coach and Six.

D A M O N.

Now lively *Chloe* rules my Heart,
Chloe that's born of Royal Race!
 Her Int'rest (now she takes my Part)
 At Court for Life procures a Place.

How blest'd with *Chloe* t'other Day,
 When in her Closet none but we!
 How did we laugh, and toy and play,
 Telling soft Tales, and drinking Tea.

P H I L L I S.

Hilario has an Uncle rich,
 Has House, and Land, and Gardens fair;

I'll pat his Cheeks, his Heart bewitch,
And he shall make me Lady there.

We went to *Hampstead* for the Air,
And at the *Globe* we supp'd at Nine;
Where what we had I shan't declare,
Besides the Rabbits, Fruit and Wine.

D A M O N.

What if we shou'd old Flames renew,
And I shake off fair *Chloe's* Chain?
Will You for me, as I for you,
Recall your Heart, and love again?

P H I L L I S.

Altho' his Temper's always sweet,
His Person too what I adore,
You whimsical, and indiscreet,
Give me your Hand — I'll try once more.

*Upon the Death of the C Z A R of Muscovy
and the P O P E, both in one Month.*

THUS still to Death's impartial Hand
Must vain Ambition bend:

Ye Great, your utmost Height attain'd,
See where your Glories end!

The youthful Monarch's op'ning Bloom,
The Pontiff's hoary Age,
Alike he summons to their Doom,
And drives them off the Stage.

Alike is all the boasted Pow'r,
(As he concludes their Bustles)
Of Emperor *Peter's* Successor,
And *Peter* the Apostle's.



To the Right Honourable the
E A R L of M I D D L E S E X.

— *Romana brevi venturus in ora.*

THE noble Youth, whom Love of Knowledge
Whom Art engages, and whom Wit ^{[fires,} inspires;
The faithful Offspring of the best-lov'd Name,
Another *Sacville* rising into Fame!
What Theme more pleasing wakes the silent String?
Or whom so worthy finds the Muse to sing?
While *Ips'* Sons their *Middlesex* survey,
And dwell on all You do, and all You say,
In Wonder fix'd, they call your Sires to Mind,
Those oft-sung Heroes that adorn'd Mankind!
Behold in You each known Description shine,
Th' ingenuous Aspect, and the Wit divine,
The easy Dignity, th' expressive Grace,
And all the bright Peculiars of your Race;

With copious Praise the lineal Worth proclaim,
And hail and blefs the never-dying Flame.

There, at our *Athens*, flow your well-spent Hours,
There drain You Wisdom from a thousand Flow'rs:
'Tis Yours, whate'er the better Ages knew,
And *Tully* spoke, and *Plato* wrote for You;
With Guides like these You range all Nature o'er,
The civil, and the moral World explore,
Consider Right and Wrong by standard Sense,
And learn that Equity, You must dispense.

Hence haply, 'midst *Britannia's* Peers enroll'd,
Long ere that Brow receives the Ducal Gold,
In the full Senate shall your Judgment sway,
And fix the Fate of many a doubtful Day:
Hence, as you speak, shall Foes their Feuds give o'er,
And Points debated bear Debate no more;
While stealing Rapture warms each Patriot nigh,
And the still Tear descends from *Dorset's* Eye.

But

But now, sequester'd from th' officious Throng,
I hear You warble o'er the future Song ; -
And such the Lay, as sprung from *Petrarch's* Fire,
Or sung your Grandfire to his nobler Lyre ;
With such soft Notes, when first inspir'd with Love,
Delights young *Philomel* the list'ning Grove.
O say what Nymph, the Boast of *Albion's* Plains !
With Wreaths immortal crown your Heav'n-born
Bless'd Nymph, to kindle in That Breast Desire !
[Strains ?]
And be admir'd by Him, whom All admire !
Pursue the Song, and let your Verse recite
How Love should dictate, and a Genius write.

O rise, dear Youth, all charming, and all good !
And be your least Nobility, your Blood ;
Hold on your Course, be yours the loftiest Aim,
Your Honour, Virtue ! and your Title, Fame !
To You shall Science yield her willing Charms,
And Arts exulting rush into your Arms ;

Th' hereditary Patron there deservy,
And ask to flourish underneath your Eye.
See, as You lead the Way, new *Priors* rise!
See, other *Drydens* tow'ring reach the Skies!
Again shall *Poëse*'s bright Honours blaze,
As when the first *Mæcenæ*s dealt her Bays;
Her every Gift embellish every Son,
And *Pope*, if Fate permit it, be out-done.

Roll round the destin'd Years ; and lo ! You stand
Prop of the Throne, and Bulwark of the Land ;
Alike appointed or to guide, or save,
For Council prudent, and for Action brave ;
You shine, distinguish'd by the Royal Grace,
The first in Merit, and the first in Place !
Then, when perhaps fatigu'd with Cares of State,
When *Dorset* fain would be no longer Great ;
Seeks the mild Quiet of a calm Recess,
Yet, shunning Grandeur, never must be less ;

The

The Wise and Learn'd shall thither still resort,
(Himself a Prince, and his Retreat a Court !)
Still must he hear, amidst his peaceful Rest,
The Blessings of the Thousands, he has blest ;
Behold his Virtue, Fame, and Praise his own,
Those purer Honours, which he can't lay down !
One undiminish'd Lustre still display,
And make his Eve as glorious as his Day.

A REFLECTION.

YES, let the Proud and Rich look high,
Let them vapour, what care I ?

Exult and wanton now they may,

'Tis the Triumph of a Day.

Vouchsafe kind Heav'n to decree

More enduring Joys for me ;

When Riches fail, and Pride is gone,

Fame and Merit are our own.

In Posthumam Effigiem

JOHANNIS FERMOR, Arm.

Ad Præcepta Dom. *Henrici Fermor*, Bar^{ti}. summâ
cum fide delineatam.

D*efuncti Effigiem Fratris mandare tabellæ
Frater, et in vitam vult revocare novam.*

Sed quænam absentes vultus describet arundo?

Quis referet succis ora sepulta labor?

Hæc ora, hos vultus memori sub pectore Frater

(Sume, Opifex, calamum) quos tibi dictet, habet.

Dictanti attentus Pictor, peramabile transfert

Paulatim, ex animo præcipientis, opus.

Jam propior simili propiorque alludere Forma

Incipit, et jussas exprimit Umbra Notas.

Jam noti arrident vultus, et frontis apertæ

Candida simplicitas, et generosa fides.

Jam

On the Picture of

Col. J O H N F E R M O R,

*Drawn after his Death by the Directions of his Brother,
Sir Henry Fermor, Bart.*

HIS Brother long deceas'd, long snatch'd from
[Day,
The Brother fain in Colours would survey;
But oh! what Hand the Miracle supplies,
And bids the posthumous Resemblance rise?
Whence can the wish'd-for Image be express'd,
But from the faithful Record of his Breast?
He speaks; the Painter, as he speaks, designs;
And from th' Ideal Object forms his Lines:
Like, and more like, appears the rising Shade,
And calls up each known Feature of the Dead.
The same his Smile, his Candour, Air, and Ease;
The same the Virtues which his Looks express.

At

*Jam coram, et præsens, ipsissima vivit Imago;
 En! quantum pietas ingeniosa potest!
 Noli ultra sævos, Mors o, jactare triumphos;
 Cætera qui vincit, te quoque vincit Amor.*

R O S A: ad S T E L L A M.

D*Eliciæ juvenum, Nympharum hodierna voluptas,
 Ecce! ea quo rubeat, Stella, rubore rosa.
 Stella, vide, quantum foliis suffundat honorem!
 Explicet ad Solem purpura quale decus!
 Cras, Stella, exemplum pulchris lachrymabile! eandem
 Arentem, laceram, pallidulamque vide.
 Stella, rosæ miserere; et cum miserere, memento
 Quòd brevis est ævi, quòd tua Forma rosa est.*



At length he lives, he lives, confess'd to View;
 And Oh! what Wonders knows not Love to do!
 Cease, cease thy Triumphs, Death; for Love, we see,
 That conquers all things else, can conquer Thee.

The R O S E: to S T E L L A.

THE Youth's Delight, the Virgin's short-liv'd
 See, *Stella*, what a Bloom yon Rose displays! ^{[Praise,}
 See, *Stella*, see, with all their Lustre on,
 How court its op'ning Charms the genial Sun!
 But ah! sad Lesson to the beauteous Maid!
 To-morrow views it drooping, shrunk, decay'd.
Stella, reflect, and one Reflection shows
 Those transient Glories thine, thy self the Rose.



*Upon a Young LADY, found reading Bishop
SMALRIDGE's Sermons.*

Pardon, bright Maid, whilst I admire to see
Such Beauty join'd with so much Piety;
Well have you judg'd those Trifles to deride,
Which subject half the Female Race beside,
The Coxcomb's Glitter, and the Pomp of Pride. }
You with wise Intercourse have chang'd the Scene,
From the vain World, to learn the World within;
You know how Envy blasts the Fair and Young,
And dread the Poison of the flatt'ring Tongue;
'Tis thus You to the Rev'rend Dead repair,
There is no Envy, and no Flatt'ry there.

The Beau would startle at so strange a Choice,
And Fops condemn You with a gen'ral Voice;
With conscious Smile, Sir *Courtly* would persuade,
Sermons and Pray'rs might serve an uglier Maid,

What

What ! dull dry Morals ! better, would he say,
Take a Romance, a Novel, or a Play ;
Some new Lampoon, or secret History,
Might furnish useful Talk for Hours of Tea :
But wayward, grave Divines are only fit
To sow'r your Temper, and to dull your Wit :
Dress, and be gay, and be admir'd by all,
Shine at the Play, and sparkle at the Ball.

Thus would You heed Sir *Courtly's* flatt'ring Strain,
She's only fair, who, as she's fair, is vain.
Yet still in the same Sphere of Virtue move,
Be blam'd by Fools, so Men of Sense approve.
How should your Charms by such be understood,
Who know not she's the Fair, who's fair and good ;
Who bids Religion all her Breast subdue,
And if once beautiful, is always so ?

Chloe, when pleas'd, with all the World may vie,
For open Looks and an attracting Eye ;

But

But fir'd with Anger, how unlike the same!
Her Brow contracted, and her Eye in Flame.
Envious *Corinna* faints at *Mira's* praise,
And all her Roses die upon her Face.
Stella her Pride of all her Pow'r disarms:
And Affectation rifles *Celia's* Charms.
The nicest Features and th' exactest Mien
Are discompos'd by Vapours and the Spleen;
And thus the fairest Beauty fades away,
As either Whim or Passion bears the Sway.

How fruitless then the many Hours that pass,
In studying Airs and Graces at the Glass!
The Toilet but precarious Charms supplies,
Once cross'd, and all the lovely Phantom flies;
By you a surer Method is pursu'd,
Your Glass, the Writings of the Wife and Good.
You heed not the vain Show and outward Mien,
Whilst all your Toilet is display'd within;

Thus

Thus without Pains your Beauty is encreas'd,
And while You scorn it, You consult it best;
For 'tis the Mind, that animates the Face,
And ev'ry Virtue gives its proper Grace.
Good Humour loves to make its publick Show
In sparkling Eyes and an expanded Brow;
With purple Blushes Modesty o'erspread,
Blooms in the Cheek, as in its native Bed.
In Smiles will chearful Innocence be seen;
An easy Gesture, and a Look serene,
Shew all is calm, and all at Peace within;
Whilst a religious Joy from th' inmost Soul
Darts out, and gives a Lustre to the whole.

Yet ev'n those Charms, tho' flow, must once decay,
And your Eyes glimmer with a fainter Ray;
That Brow its Whiteness lose, that Cheek its Red,
The Lillies faded, and the Roses dead.

You

You smile ; and Sickneſs, Age and Death diſdain,
 Conſcious the virtuous Fair will live again ;
 Again' will riſe victorious from the Tomb,
 Re-form'd, to flouriſh in immortal Bloom :
 When the dimm'd Sun ſhall have reſign'd his Pow'r,
 And all thoſe beauteous Orbs are bright no more.

In Imitation of the Greek of ANTIPHANES.

I.

WHAT is there in this fooliſh Life,
 For which we vainly hope,
 That Mortal Wights can call their own ?
 Riches are on a ſudden flown,
 And ev'n our Wives elope.

II.

We cannot find that ſought-for Stone,
 Nor yet Life's grand Elixir ;

Beauty

Beauty is frail, and as for Fame,
She's grown so slippery a Dame,
No Soul on Earth can fix her.

III.

Health is unwilling long to stay,
And Quacks themselves grow sick;
Honours but small Distinctions make,
What odds, when Footmen drink and rake,
And Nobles run a-tick?

IV.

Some tell you, wise and virtuous Souls
Have th' only certain Good;
But, spite of Philosophick Rules,
Old Age and Crosses make us Fools,
Temptations make us lewd.

V.

Nay, when thou seest the blushing Wine
Red sparkling in thy Hand,

Thou'lt think, at least this Liquor's mine,
Though all the envious Pow'rs combine,
Yet this I dare command.

VI.

But ah! a thousand things fall out,
Betwixt the Lip and Cup;
With Caution put the Glas about,
The coming Pledge hangs still in doubt,
Till you have drank it up.

VII.

But when, delicious through the Throat,
We feel the Stream run down,
We've found the mighty Thing we fought,
That's Ours indeed; that, that dear Draught
We justly call *Our own*.



To VELTERS CORNEWALL, Esq;

*On the Revival of the COMMITTEE of the HOUSE OF
COMMONS, for inspecting the Goals of the Kingdom.*

WHILE some a rising Fav'rite's Joys pro-
Or hail th' Ambitious on a new-gain'd
[claim,
[Name;
The gen'rous Muse disdains the poor Applause,
She greets not *Cornewall* for so mean a Cause;
A Triumph Yours, she may, she must approve,
A Triumph founded on your Country's Love!
That darling Pleasure of the Good and Brave,
The Pow'r to help, and Liberty to save!
Be this your Boast, and O again possess
Your dear, your long'd-for Privilege to bless!
Go! succour Need, from Rapine rend the Spoil,
(Expence your Profit, and your Honour Toil)
Go! flight the Title which the Vain procures,
A vulgar Glory his, but Godlike yours!

And see, for Heav'n bids ancient Worth return,
With Zeal like Yours a hundred Patriots burn !
That lust like You to see the Pris'ner freed,
And from their Dungeon raise the living Dead:
But most your *Oglethorpe* makes this his Aim,
Of all th' illustrious Band the foremost Name !
So form'd for each high Work, each nobler End,
To plan, to act, to counsel, to defend;
To low'r the Haughty, or to aid the Poor,
That ev'n your Friendship scarce can wish him more.
Proceed, Great Souls! our happier Guardians own'd,
For Such Deliv'ers has our Nation groan'd;
Yes, wrest the Bolt from Torture's cruel Hand,
And chace, oh chace Oppression from the Land!
Content awhile to disregard th' Alarms
From *Gallia's* Treach'ry, or *Germania's* Arms,
Turn all your Cares to crush our home-bred Woes,
And save us from our Selves, our worst of Foes!

Sure,

Sure, for such mighty Ends by Heav'n were joyn'd
The softest Manners with the firmest Mind;
Were Sense and Sweetness bade to stamp the Soul,
And at the Heart a purer Pity roll.

'Tis hence You urge the glorious Project on,
And gird You for the Work, You cannot shun;
Hence share each Grief, and pant with every Pain,
Nor let that Aspect speak You Good in vain:
One great, one steady Course thro' Life is Yours,
And well we trust whom Nature's self ensures;
Th' innate Desert nor Time nor Chance can blast,
Your Part is genuine, and will always last.

From the G R E E K.

OLD I am rich, when Young was poor,
Was ever Fate so cross before?

To starve me when I could enjoy,
Now I've no Appetite, to cloy.

An O D E.

NO, no, 'tis in vain, in this turbulent Town
To expect either Pleasure or Rest;
To Hurry and Nonsense still tying us down,
'Tis an over-grown Prison at best.

From hence to the Country escaping away,
Leave the Crowd and the Bustle behind;
And then you'll see liberal Nature display
A thousand Delights to Mankind.

The Change of the Seasons, the Sports of the Fields,
The sweetly-diversify'd Scene;
The Groves, and the Gardens! and every thing yields
A Chearfulness ever serene.

Here,

Here, here from Ambition and Avarice free,
My Days may I quietly spend!
Whilst the Cits and the Courtiers, unenvy'd for me,
May gather up Wealth without end.

No, I thank 'em, I would not, to add to my Store,
My Peace and my Freedom resign:
For who, for the sake of possessing the Ore,
Would be sentenc'd to dig in the Mine?

*To a Young LADY on her BIRTH-DAY,
being the first of APRIL.*

LET others write for by-Designs,
I seek some Moral in my Lines,
Which whosoever reads must bear,
Or Great, or Learn'd, or Young, or Fair,

Permit me then with friendly Lay,
To moralize Your *April* Day.

Checquer'd Your native Month appears
With funny Gleams and cloudy Tears ;
'Tis thus the World our Trust beguiles,
Its Frowns as tranfient as its Smiles ;
Nor Pain nor Pleasure long will ftay,
For Life is but an *April* Day.

Health will not always laft in Bloom,
But Age or Sicknefs furely come ;
Are Friends belov'd ? why Fate muft feize
Or Thefe from You, or You from Thefe :
Forget not Earnest in your Play,
For Youth is but an *April* Day.

When

When Piety and Fortune move
Your Heart to try the Bands of Love,
As far as Duty gives You Pow'r,
Guileless enjoy the present Hour:
“ Gather your Rose-buds while You may,”
For Love is but an *April* Day.

What Clouds soe'er without are seen,
Oh may they never reach within;
But Virtue's stronger Fetters bind
The strongest Tempest of the Mind:
Calm may You shoot your setting Ray,
And Sunshine end your *April* Day.



On a Fine DAY.

BOAST not, ye few, your better Fate,
Who on the Rich and Pow'rful wait;
Who early at the *Levéé* bow,
And cringing watch the gracious Brow.
See here, our Troubles to beguile,
See here an universal Smile!
Tho' little else our own we call,
Free Air and Sun-shine are for All.

The Poor and Unprovided, see,
Come forth to meet their Property!
The halt and maim'd to Pleasure move,
For they're invited from Above;
Nay, ev'n the Blind himself, with Glee,
Enjoys the Day, he cannot see.
Tho' little else our own we call,
Free Air and Sun-shine are for All.

The DESCRIPTIVE. A MILTONIC.
After the manner of the MODERNS.

Torva Mimalloneis implerunt cornua bombis. Nero.

The ARGUMENT.

*The Invocation. The Poem slides insensibly into the midst of things, and presents a Flower-piece; then proceeds to the Heat of Africa, the Fertility of Harvest, and the Cold usually ensuing. This naturally leads to the Stages of Man's Life. Infancy. A Bird's-nest, illustrated from Homer. Youth, clos'd with a Simile. Aphrogala * μεμαστιγμένον. The next two Ages slightly touch'd, make way for a Sketch of the Morning. A moral Reflection on the Uncertainty of human Things, by way of Transition to Night; wherein is introduc'd an Assemblage of allegorical Persons, perfectly picturesque, and highly suitable to the Nature of this kind of Poetry. The Conclusion.*

O Thou sweet-musing in th' umbrageous Grotts
Of cool Cithæron, or th' embow'ring Shade
Of Pimpla's lofty Top, ærial Height;
Or hear'ft Thou rather from the secret Cave

Oracular,

* Al. leg. μεμαστιγμένον. vid. Steph.

Oracular, yawning with awful Night?
Or else where-e'er by visionary Bard
Thou sitt'st enthron'd, to me alike where-e'er,
Present to me alike. Not unobserv'd
By rural Swains, and not unwish'd the Guest
Approaches glad, with smiling Chaplets crown'd,
And Odours floating soft on *Zephyr's* Wings,
With early blooming Sweets: The Primrose fair,
Nam'd from the joyous *Prime*. The Violet
Impurpled, blue-ey'd, thicket-loving Flow'r.
With ruddier Specks their paly Gold among,
Cowslips distinct emblazon'd. He who speaks,
Speaks adequate the numbers numberless
Of various Flow'rets, from all-bearing Earth
Self-rais'd, spontaneous, may perchance recount
Or Buds which swell with vernal Warmth's Return,
Or Drops descending in prolific Show'rs,
Or Epithets in sacred Poet's, Song.

Thee,

Thee, tortid Zone adust, Thee who shall praise?
Except by *Sirius*, or his Brother Star
Haply inspir'd. *Phæbus*' Meridian Fires
Intense, extreme, (while the fierce Lion reigns,
Malignant reigns, morbidic, pestilent,)
Heat *Africk*'s Furnace into sev'nfold Flame;
Whose Burnings joyn'd, reflexive and direct,
Half vitrify her Sands; impoys'ning more
Dragons impoyson'd, Basilisks Death-crown'd,
And *Dipsas* dry, and sublimate their Stings
Or Teeth, erst dangr'ous; now avoidless Fate,
Quick, instantaneous. When Autumnal Boughs
Fruit-bent to Earth hang pendant, Parent Earth
As studious to repay; Apples forth pour
Draughts emulous of the Vine, mature Produce,
Nectareous; Vales with yellow Harvests crown'd,
Ambrosial, tempt the careful Reaper's Toil.
Nor *Ceres*, fancy'd Pow'r! but Nature boon

Roughens

Roughens the furrow'd Plain with beardy Gold.
Behold He comes with trembling Pace but sure,
Whose icy Breath the circum-ambient Air
Chills froze; by Rustick Foot or Carriage prest,
Unyielding, unobsequious stands the Frost,
Nitrous, incrufted, crispy, crackling, crimp.

Life's Stages fleet in quick Succession roll,
Each after each. Babes tell aloud their Woe,
Too plain, alas! tho' inarticulate:
Tho' unexperienc'd yet to form the Sound
Distinct, syllabic; while the infant Tongue
With still-born Motion flutters into Speech.
See! the Boy, forms the Bird's weak Cittadel,
Straw or Stick-built, or of what Stuff so'er
They choose, instinctive, lin'd with smoothest Moss,
Or Down still smoother, waving in mid Sky,
Transcending boasted Architecture far,
Doric, Corinthian, Plain or Composite,

The

The helpless Brood small, callow, bare, unfledg'd
 He seizes, sportive; ah! their tender Limbs
 With ruthless Hands he pulls, he tugs, he tears.
 So blind *Mæonides*, in Body blind,
 Of Soul sharp-fighted, sung a Snake devour'd
 Eight Young in Presence of their frightened Dam;
 The Dam the ninth: which shadow'd *Ilium's* Fall,
 And the robb'd Bird's-nest show'd the Fate of *Troy*.

In wild Designs is giddy Youth absorpt,
 Conceiv'd with Rashness, and with Rage pursu'd,
 Idle, unprofitable, void, and vain.
 So in pellucid Chrystal turgid swells
 The creamy Viand, gently turgid swells,
 Unsolid Sweet, with *Vacuum* full-fraught,
 Something like Nothing, flying Taste and Touch,
 Yet to the transient Eye alluring, soft,
 Spumaceous, *aphrodisian*. Manhood ripe
 Advanc'd autumnal yields the Fruits, which erst

Youth's

Youth's Bloom had promis'd fair, but verges swift,
Too swiftly verges to Decline of Life;
Decrepid, querulous, unthought-of Eld,
With unsuspected Silence, creeping on,
Not fear'd till found, not understood till felt.

Hail! gladsome Prime of Day, when orient *Sol*
Shoots horizontal Beams on dew-dropp'd Pearls,
Mellifluous: etherial Poets chant,
Two-legg'd, but not unfeather'd, melting Lays,
With Trill harmonious and responsive Tune;
Sweet *Antiphon*! but what alas! if fair,
In mortal State is permanent? The Morn
Brings on Meridian Blaze, Day beckons Night;
And each Beginning leads us to an End.
When Birds obscene, by the all-viewing Sun
Ages unview'd, fly forth; ill Omens all!
With Scream portentous and terrific Wing.
Chill *Fear*, and shudd'ring *Guilt*, and pale *Dismay*,

Moony

Moony *Distraction*, life-consuming *Grief*,
And *Horror* raven-plum'd, enormous Group!
Cut the dank Moist, and cleave the dark Obscure.

To Thee, O Night! what shall to Thee compare?
Save the black Grave, where loftiest Poets' Dust
Undreaming sleeps, stiff, senseless, motionless,
Silent, untuneful all; far, far remov'd
From Mortals' busy Paths, and Sight humane,
From Touch etherial of Heav'n's fiery Rod;
Vocal their Harps no more, in rory Damp
Moulders the lifeless, ever-living Choir.

On the Family of the B L A N K S.

YOUR *Blanks* are antient, num'rous Folks,
There's *John a Stiles*, and *John a Nokes*;
There's *Dasb-scribendo*, and *Hiatus*,
And *Innuendo*, that points at Us;

Eke, So, D'ye see, As I may say,
And so-forth, and *Et cætera* - - - -

*On the Death of EDWARD RICE
of Newton, Esq;*

O H! what's our Life below! this mortal State?
One fix'd Campaign, one gen'ral War with
Where some maintain the Field, some daily fall, ^[Fate!]
Till one Event at last o'ertakes us all!
Then, Thou hast reach'd the Day that claim'd thy ^[Breath!]
When that dear Name must swell the List of Death!
Thou'rt vanquish'd then! but vanquish'd, to be free,
For Fate it self has now no Darts for Thee!
Hail, Happy Shade! from Pain and Sorrow cease,
Thy Warfare's ended, and at last 'tis Peace.

Farewell! and rise like Thee thy Offspring good,
Let them possess thy Virtues with thy Blood,

Be gen'rous, friendly, patient and sincere ;
Not borne by Passion, and not check'd by Fear,
For ever courteous, just, and void of Strife ;
Let them be This, and Thou art Still in Life.

And see, if yet Thou ought regard below,
See the fair Partner of thy sacred Vow,
Still just to Love and Thee ! with sedulous Pains,
And pious Skill, the tender Infants trains ;
Leads by her Hand, or in her Bosom warms,
And thinks she holds Thee still within her Arms ;
Their Persons cherishes, their Minds improves,
And in the Charming Babes the Father loves !

Here's Thy Memorial ! truer to thy Fame,
Than or the Sculptor's Art, or Poet's Flame :
Yet, far as may extend her feeble Lays,
The Muse shall consecrate thy Name to Praise,
Recall Thee frequent to our longing Eyes,
And where the Verse is read, thy Bust shall rise.

In Dominum Professore SANDERSON,
recitatum in Comitii Westmonasteriensibus.

O *Cultas artes apperit tibi, Granta, Professor,
Cui nullum admittunt lumina clausa diem;
Nil opis extrorsum, lucis nihil accipit Ille,
De se, de proprio pectore cuncta trahit:
Stellarum tamen Ille vias atque ardua Cæli
Calluit, et quicquid grande Mathesis habet.
Alma nihil debens aliis Natura magistris,
Prodigium hoc voluit solius esse suum.*

The same ENGLISH'D.

C H I E F in the secret Mathematic Way,
Who guides Thee, *Cambridge*, sees himself no
[Day;
All dark without, He inward turns his View,
Where lab'ring Reason finds the needful Clue:
By this proceeding on from Cause to Cause,
He grasps all Nature thro' her various Laws;

Hence

Hence soars aloft above th' ethereal Spheres,
Measures the vast Expanse, and counts the Stars.
Unaided Nature here her Pow'r has shown,
And calls the mighty Prodigy her own.

*On Mr. FERRERS, an Eminent Painter,
born Deaf and Dumb.*

YES; Bounteous Nature thro' her Works, we
Is always equal, tho' she seem unkind; ^{[find,}
In Parts defective, she compleats the Whole,
And if she cramps the Sense, dilates the Soul.
Thee, *Ferrers*, dumb and deaf shall She redress,
With Skill shall arm, with keen Discernment bless;
Still just! And what tho' Thou nor speak, nor hear?
Art has her Tongue, and Reason has her Ear!
No Failure in thy Converse We descry,
That Eye can listen, and that Hand reply!

Thine is the gen'ral Language, void of Sound,
 A Language, *Babel's* self could not confound!
 By this we learn thy Mind's abstracted Pow'rs,
 And read each Thought ev'n more refin'd than ours.
 Thus art Thou born to flourish by Distress,
 And, had'st Thou been more perfect, had'st been less.

To a Young LADY, upon her saying, she intended to build her a HOUSE.

TO build! 'tis mighty well design'd,
 For that's the Bus'ness of your Kind;
 That, Nature looks for at your Hand,
 And may your House for ever stand!
 May't flourish, for all Times to come,
 With growing Youth, and constant Bloom!
 To raise dull Fabricks, sure, was ne'er
 The Purpose of the Young and Fair;
 No, That and You would ill agree,
 'Tis Yours to raise a Family!

A Nobler House! so, build You may,
But think to build the proper Way;
Then shall I wish it good Effect,
And gladly be your Architect.

*An ODE. Sung at the Anniversary Meeting of a
very worthy and antient FRATERNITY.*

I.

TO endless Rounds of Hopes and Fears
Our Glory we betray,
And Toils on Toils, and Cares on Cares
Consume our Lives away.

The fond Desire and flatt'ring View
But lead us to Despair;
With Pain we all our Ends pursue,
And all our Ends are Air.

C H O R U S.

Then lose we Care, and balk we Toil,
 Our Sorrows well deceiving;
 And wisely now, a little while,
 Devote we Life to Living.

II,

Our better Part, the Human Mind,
 ('Tis Reason's chearful Voice)
 Ally'd to Angels, was design'd
 Like Them for social Joys:

And to diffuse the Heart in Mirth,
 And give the Soul to shine
 Distinguish Man from vulgar Earth,
 And speak him half divine.

C H O R U S.

'Tis thus to live, and thus we'll rise
 Above all worldly Measure,

Affert

Affert our Kindred to the Skies,
And grasp immortal Pleasure.

III.

The Good and Brave the Virtues own
To gen'rous Converse due ;
And They're the Good and Brave alone
That can and dare be true.

They're such who feel the steady Rays
Of Friendship's purest Flame ;
And, clear or cloudy be their Days,
For ever love the fame.

C H O R U S.

So Friend with Friend we'll nobly close,
While all around us wonder
There should be found in Nature Those,
Whom Fortune cannot funder.

IV.

What tho' the Many wholly bend
To Things beneath our State,
Some poorly to be rich contend,
And others meanly great?

There liv'd a few thro' ev'ry Space,
Since first our Kind began,
Who still maintain'd, with better Grace,
The Dignity of Man.

C H O R U S.

For this, as met our Sires, meet We,
With Brother join we Brother :
And Souls, from Pride and Avarice free,
Were form'd for one another



*A FRAGMENT from an Epistle to a Friend,
in Imitation of one of HORACE'S.*

IF You will use the little that You have,
More has not Heav'n to give, or you to crave;
Cease to complain; He never can be poor,
Who has sufficient, and who wants no more.
If but from Cold and pining Hunger free,
The richest Monarch can but equal Thee.
If, where the costliest Dishes load the Board,
That Earth's remotest Regions can afford;
Abstemious Thou those cheaper Dainties chuse,
Such as thy Gardens or thy Fields produce;
Ev'n with this mean Repast, this simple Food,
Thou liv'st possess'd of Fortune's lavish Flood:
For Gold o'er Nature can exert no Sway,
Make the Rose sweeter, or the Mead more gay.
And Virtue's Palace stands on high secure,
A pitch beyond what ought so mean can soar.

Whilst

Whilst Lust and Avarice taint a groveling Age,
Far nobler Thoughts thy tow'ring Mind engage,
The Lunar Changes from what secret Cause,
What guides the Year, and gives the Ocean Laws;
Whether the Stars spontaneous fall and rise,
Or take their bidden Station in the Skies;
If round the central Earth th' obedient Sun
His daily Task of Revolution run;
Or this dark Globe know its diurnal Way,
Respect the central Sun, and catch the Day:
From Cause to Cause still ardent to ascend,
Till in the great First Cause thy Searches end.

To E M I L Y.

SWEET, good-humour'd *Emily*,
Ev'ry Charm I view in Thee;
People fancy Beauty lyes
In the Features, Lips, or Eyes,

Rosy

Rosy Cheek or dimpled Chin,
Or the Whiteness of the Skin.
Let 'em be deceiv'd for Me,
Were it not a Wrong to Thee,
Sweet good-humour'd *Emily*.

}

No, Mistaken, 'tis not thence :
Beauty rises out of Sense ;
Any Eye may shape, with Art,
Lovely Looks that win the Heart :
Any Lip the Soul may move,
With peculiar Smiles, to Love ;
Sense has Charms for any Face,
Sense for any Form has Grace.
Thus, with Pleasure, thus I see,
Ev'ry Charm and Grace in Thee,
Sweet good-humour'd *Emily*.

}



A PROLOGUE to CATO.

*Written at the Time of the threaten'd Invasion from
S P A I N, in 1717.*

T WAS worth Remark with how much Heat
[and Rage,
(When first our *Cato* grac'd the *British* Stage)

Contending Parties all his Words apply'd,
And strove to list the Patriot on their Side;
Nay, by how natural an Application,
He chim'd with every Faction in the Nation.

Of Freedom He asserts the glorious Cause,
Strait rung the Theatre with Whig Applause;
Short Joy! for in ten Lines He chang'd the Story,
And rant'd like a hot ranting Tory;
Fiercely exclaim'd, from Generals for Life,
From standing Legions springs our civil Strife.
In short — though all could find, or here or there,
Their fav'rite Schemes to hit the Character,

Yet

Yet none could fix it all throughout their own,
And claim him to themselves, and them alone.

Could then th' unconquer'd Soul, and Stoick Pride
Of *Cato* ever bear to change his Side?

Could He unfix'd in Principle remain?

O *Addison*, th' important Doubt explain,

Say, did'st thou draw Him a meer mod'rate Man?

No; to impartial Eyes he will appear

True to Himself throughout, and regular.

When *Rome*, by wild Ambition's Fury tost,
(Her Laws all broke, her Constitution lost)

With War's mad Rage was urging on her Fate,

Then *Cato* rose to save the sinking State;

Victorious *Cæsar*'s mighty Pow'r defy'd,

Arm'd in his Country's Cause, and bravely stem'd the
[Tide.

Ever to Us be good old *England*'s Cause

The same, that good old *Rome*'s to *Cato* was;

On

On this firm Ground let's resolutely stand,
And drive the bold Invader from the Land:
Our Laws, our Country, and our King defend,
Let us do this, and *Cato* is our Friend.

On the Picture of a talkative young LADY.

SOON as we enter *Chloe's* Room, we'd swear
Her Picture is alive, and meets us there.
Each Line so like, so mix'd the Light and Shade,
Duteous we bend as to the real Maid;
With Pleasure gaze, and fix'd in Wonder spy
Her blooming Feature, and her sparkling Eye;
Trusting the Sight, we still deceiv'd might be,
But soon our Ears convince us, 'tis not She.



Upon

*Upon a late Order for shooting the GEESE in
the Parks about St. JAMES's.*

SOME Courtiers, who are ill at Ease,
Without their Errors to redress,
Look'd sharp; and marking this and that,
And t'other, and They knew not what,
Found, among many Things amiss,
The Parks were overstock'd with Geese:
And weighing, as may well be wist,
Th' Expences of the Civil List,
Computed, since the Time of *Harley*,
How much they cost in Oats and Barley;
So gain'd an Order to proscribe
At once the whole voracious Tribe:
And, to destroy them Branch and Root,
All have free Liberty to shoot.

Each Peter-Gunner in the Town
Might try his Skill to fetch them down,
And after take them for his own.

But now, as 'Clasfic Authors use,
'Tis needful to invoke the Muse,
In memorable Verse to paint
What Forces came from *Troy novante*,
For Execution Militant.

So *Virgil*, in his solemn strain,
Marshals his Squadrons on the Plain;
So mighty *Pope*, (or if You please
To style him our *Mæonides*,)
Tells who and who fail'd to destroy
Our antient Sires, the Geese of *Troy*.

And, O thou Heav'n-born Muse! declare
This Battle fought 'twixt Earth and Air,
Descending from the starry Pole,
Come and unfold the Muster-Roll :

For

For sacred Poets all agree,
It can't be open'd without Thee.

From ev'ry Street our Goose-caps pour,
Quite from St. *James's* to the *Tow'r*;
The bloody Butchers, one and all,
From *Newgate-street*, and *Leaden-Hall*:
Colliers from *Fleta's* gentle Flood,
And Foremen from the Gate of *Lud*.
Crispins and *Crispiano's* sally
From *Turnstile-Row*, and *Crambon-Alley*.
Jobbers from *Change* come down in Flocks,
A Season rare to raise the Stocks,
When Geese are to be found as plenty,
As in the glorious Year of *Twenty*!
But I've o'er-look'd, I beg their Pardon,
The *Connoisseurs* of *Covent-Garden*;
Nor yet forlook us, at this Pinch,
Our very good Allies, the *French*;

Those who, for Pleasure, weave your Camlets
In *Spittle-Fields*, and *Soho* Hamlets;
For with old Spleen regards the *Gaul*
The Savers of the Capitol.

'Twould tire Thee, Muse, to count the Rabble,
All, that so fierce and formidable,
From Shops, and Stalls, and Shambles, hye
In quest of Glory, and Goose-Pye.
Each Belt-a-Buff, each Powder-Horner,
That randevouz'd at *Hide-Park* Corner.

Mean time secure the feather'd Race,
Within the Purlieus of the Place,
From Pond to Pond at Pleasure fly,
Nor dream of any Danger nigh.

And see, on Wing, a large Brigade
Sail gently o'er our Ambuscade!
At whom, all cock'd and prim'd so jolly,
Our Marksmen streight let fly a Volly;

Which

Which They, for want of better Tackle,
Could only answer with a Cackle.
So when a Ship sails by a Fort,
Whose Ammunition is grown short,
That wou'd be broke and quite undone,
Should it salute Her Gun for Gun;
She takes in full of all Applause,
Their Flags, and Caps, and three Huzza's.
'Twas hence conjectur'd by the Wife,
The Geese mistook them for Allies;
For such meer Cracks, tho' they'd been louder,
Might pass for complimenting Powder.

But now our Heroes wonder all,
That not one Goose vouchsaf'd to fall;
And so, reduc'd to great Quandary,
To find their first Attack miscarry,
Resolv'd, as Warriors use to do,
Who seek all Ways to nick the Foe,

Themselves into a Council strait,
And of the grand Affair debate:
When whip up started master *Stitch*,
And made this short but pithy Speech:
Pshaw, pr'ythee, pooh; They're gone, what then?
Why, won't they soon come back agen?
And then let's at 'em in a Body—
To this cries old *Cartouch*, You Noddy!
Attack the Foe in close Array!
Is that your military Way?
Blood! Sir, (you almost make me swear;)
Where was't you learn'd your Art of War?
I've serv'd my five Campaigns in *Flanders*,
Among the Greatest of Commanders,
Against another Sort of Ganders!
And found, that after all our plodding,
'Twas best to catch them a moroding;

So,

So, my Advice is, You fall on,
 Just as they straggle one by one.
 Nigh stood a Justice of the *Quorum*,
 That lov'd a little *Gami-orum*;
 Who thus, by way of Mediator,
 Thought proper to decide the Matter.
 In my Opinion, Sirs, 'tis fit,
 That to Experience You submit;
 Compare the *French* and These together,
 What's Sauce for one, is Sauce for t'other.
 The Case was plain, They all agreed
Nem. Con. to what his Worship said;
 So like an Oracle his Speech is,
 All bow, and fall to charge their Pieces.

And now, as we in Story read
 Of *Hector*, and of *Diomed*,
 Of *Tancred* Stout, or Fierce *Argantes*,
 Or of thy braver Knight, *Cervantes*,

'Twas single Combat, One to one,

'Twas Man and Goofe, 'twas Goofe and Man.

First, flew a second Squadron by,

Flew! Ay, our Warriors let them fly;

Too honourable They, I ween,

To trespass against Discipline!

But see! a Stragler quits the Line,

This Champion, quoth *Cartouch*, is mine,

He said, and cock'd his old Carbine :

His old Carbine, grown resty Stuff,

Just flash'd, and car'd not to go off.

Reader, 'tis easy hence to gather,

Whoe'er might be our Heroe's Father,

His Mother was no *Major Dea*,

(A Nymph she was yclep'd *Ostrea*)

Else had her bright celestial Charms

Equip'd him with *Vulcanian Arms*.

A plump young Gosling next was spy'd,
 Of all the Lakes the Flow'r and Pride!
 At this a *Newgate-Market* Heroe,
 Sworn Foe to Fowl, hight *Powlterero*,
 Discharg'd his small Shot, thick as Hail,
 And fetch'd a Feather from his Tail.
 Brave *Powlterero*, boast thy Hap,
 And wear that Feather in thy Cap!
 But oh! how spightful's Fortune's Sport!
 And human Triumphs, oh! how short!
 A Tale disastrous must we tell,
 The modest Muse would fain conceal;
 As with wide open Mouth stood *Tim*,
 To shoot a Goose, the Goose shot Him.
 The best-hit Mark, as Authors say,
 Throughout this whole important Day!

A *Connoisseur*, who long had view'd,
 With no small Pain, how queer they stood,
 Cry'd, Sirs, is this your Attitude?



Your Posture should be just and free,
 As Thus, for Instance—look at Me!
 Then step'd, to shew them which was which,
 And tumbled sown into a Ditch.
 Look at Him! cry the Mob so rude,
 Look at Him! There goes Attitude!
 Then the loud Laughs the Skies invade,
 You'd swear a thousand Affes bray'd.
 But Thou the ill-bred Taunt despise,
 Thou'rt fall'n, 'tis true, but fall'n to rise!
 When this Day's Fight display'd shall stand
 Hereafter, by some Master's Hand,
 There shall thy Figure be exprest,
 Distinguish'd far above the rest;
 For this shall rise, to thy Renown,
 A future *Raphael*, or *Le Brun*.

But oh! the Muse mistakes her Road,
 Thus wandring into Episode;

Nor

Nor heeds, mean time, what Geese pass by,
Or the more random Shots that fly.
Howe'er, what great Events befell,
If still we live, and still do well,
We'll make another Canto tell.

PROLOGUE to JULIUS CÆSAR.

Spoken by a young Nobleman of Westminster School.

TO represent a Heroe we aspire,
Our Authors long have taught us to admire;
For what Historian's Work, what Poet's Lays,
But boast this Theme, and shine with Cæsar's Praise!
He still appears the fav'rite Classic Name,
And stands unrival'd on the List of Fame.

But O! superior as his Worth was known,
By that superior Worth was Rome undone;
She wept the mighty Genius, she ador'd,
His Wit, his Industry, his Pen, his Sword;
Nay ev'n his very Clemency deplor'd.

She

She prais'd her Son, the Good, the Wise, the Brave,
And whilst she prais'd him, griev'd she was his Slave.

For no Restraints his Lust of Pow'r confin'd,
High were his Aims, and uncontroll'd his Mind;
Fiercely he grasp'd at a forbidden Throne,
And in a Commonwealth would reign Alone:
Hence civil Rage, and dire Confusion rose,
And hence the Friends of *Rome* were *Cæsar's* Foes.

With no such Dread beholds this happy Land
Her Scepter plac'd in *George's* sacred Hand;
He's our Best Strength that bears the Regal Sway,
He our Best Patriot, who can Best obey:
One is the People's and the Sov'reign's Cause,
Britannia's King is Guardian of her Laws;
Secure, She draws her Freedom from the Throne,
And in Her *Cæsar's* Safety stands her own.



SIMILE

S I M I L E *agit* in S I M I L E.

Done into English by a L A D Y.

SENT from some *Indian* Spark, at *Thais'* Gates,
 With painted Wings and Crest a Parrot waits;
 She to instruct the feather'd Infant tries,
 While Mother Nature Floods of Speech supplies.
 She trusts her Handmaid with inferior Rule,
 Her self Head Mistress of the Prattling School.
 Poor *Poll* she cries, and kisses with a Smack,
 The grateful Scholar pays her Kisses back :
 With Head aside, and winking Eyes it leers,
 Intent and list'ning to each Sound it hears,
 'Till by degrees the imitating Bird,
 Catches, repeats, articulates the Word.
 Poor pretty *Poll*, the careful Teacher cries;
 Poor pretty *Poll*, the Learner apt replies;
 Laughs, sings, and ten times in an Hour is sick,
 And names the Maids, and calls the Coachman quick.

Now

Now Scolding loud, and archest Repartee
 Detain the Crowd with Jokes and Augury;
 Now it disturbs a righteous Quaker's Spright,
 "Thy Teacher, Friend, was En'my to the Light.
 It calls Old Woman; quoth a Matron grave,
 Whoe'er You be that call me, You're a Knave.
 An equal Height of Genius, we confess,
 Both in the Pupil shines, and Tutorefs!
 The Art of Prate is to Perfection brought,
 A Woman teaching, and a Parrot taught.

S E N I L E V O T U M.

Ut primò in Linguâ vernaculâ Editum.

*S*I vitam, vergens ad iter declivæ senectæ,
 Producam, mihi pagano contingat ab acri
 Frigore tuta domus, positumque in limine saxum,
 Mundaque lævæ caput palpet virguncula palmâ.

Affectus

*Affectus vigorem Rex & Dominator in omnes
Lithias podagræque exors, sapientia menti
Perpetuo increfcat, vires ut corpore languent,
Paulatim lubefactæ annis, viridique senectâ.*

*Acclivem ad tumulum, placidique ad murmura rivi,
Oceanum procul intuear, sine sentibus aspris
Amplum æquor pateat, passus ut mille peragrem,
Molli gressu equitans in aprici gramine campi.*

*Petrarcha & Plautus, scriptorumque unus & alter
Sit comes, ingenii cedunt cui sæcula palmam.
Me vulgaris ovis pascat, non lauta ferina;
Puraque mensam omnem mappa, etsi vilis, adornet.*

*Festa mihi fartum decoret, cyathique potentes,
Linguae Romanæ revocet fragmenta Sacerdos;*

Et

*Et vetus è cellâ promat Burgundia vinum,
Quod libem Genioque meo, Regisque saluti.*

*Extremâ fatum spectem imperterritus horâ;
Laudatique istam tribuant post funera laudem,
Seriùs orto, hilarisque cadenti sole, reliquit
Nos charum ille caput, similis cui nemo superstes!*

*Scilicet affectus viguit Dominator in omnes,
Litbiasis podagræque exors; sapientia menti
Perpetuo increvit, paulatim ut corpore vires
Languebant labefactæ annis, viridique senectâ.*

